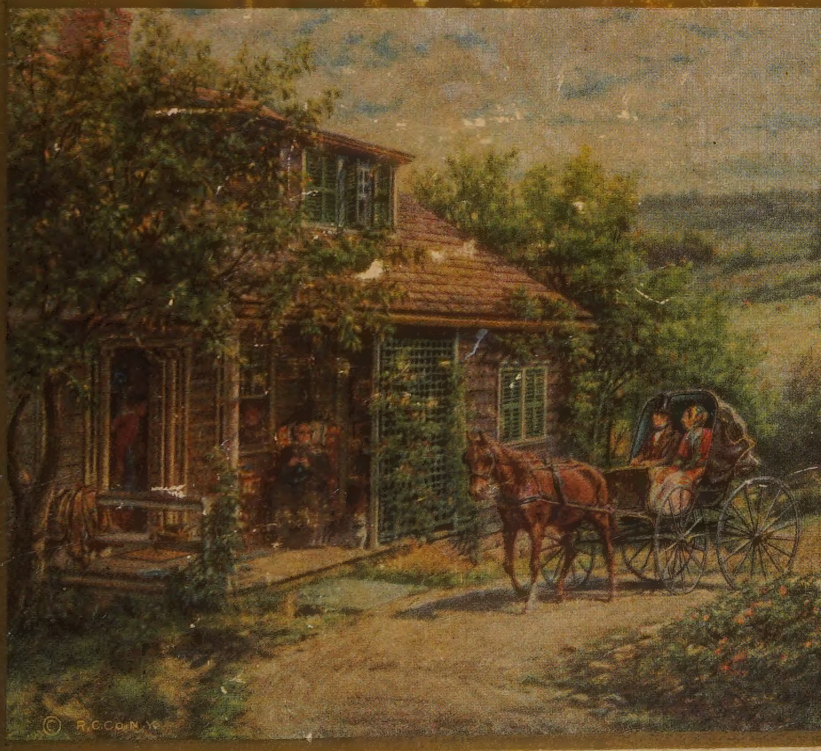
MORE HEART THROBS



The Old Homestead

Charles W. Doutt

"The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
* * * *
Out in the fields with God."

MORE HEART THROBS

Contributed by the People

HEART THROBS

Volume Two

IN PROSE AND VERSE

Dear to the American People

And by them contributed as a
Supplement to the original
$10,000 Prize Book
HEART THROBS

GROSSET & DUNLAP
New York

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FOREWORD

FOLLOWING the first announcement of "Heart Throbs" six years ago has come the most fascinating experience ever allotted to publishers. This book, containing 840 selections made from the contributions of 52,000 people, has become a classic in thousands of homes and libraries. The simple bringing together of the favorite selections of the people has far transcended the results of any mere literary or editorial compilation. It has been an astonishing revelation to litterateurs, and was the inception of a series of volumes entitled "Books the People Built," which have met with nation-wide favor and have extended to all parts of the globe where the English language is read. The thousands of letters received after the publication of the first volume of "Heart Throbs," asking why this or that favorite was not included, almost demanded the compilation of a second volume to include favorites which were advocated with enthusiastic commendations and almost pathetic pleadings.

"Heart Throbs No. II" is the fitting sequel to "Heart Throbs No. I." It contains the voluntary contribution of thousands, many of whom participated in making the first "Heart Throbs." The selections have been made upon the same basis as before. The judges have considered not only the number of times each selection was sent in, but the letters and story of the contribution in its personal aspect as presented by the contributors. If only a fraction of the thousands of letters that have been received with these "Heart Throbs" could here be reproduced, it would reveal something of the great welling up of heart feeling which the work on this book has evoked.

The committee have stated that there is more of what is termed "literature" in this second volume than in its predecessor, but the contents have come through the same channels—the estimates of the people themselves—from the small boy or girl in school, whose contribution is copied off with a dash in the buoyant hand of youth, to the dear old grandfather and grandmother in serene old age, who with tremulous hands cut from their treasured scrap-books the selection that is to them a real "heart throb" fraught with tender memories. It was noted that more recent prose and poetry was submitted for "Heart Throbs No. II" than for the first volume. This fact is significant of the increasing influence of newspapers and periodicals in attracting literature that endures. The old school-books, with lines that ring strangely familiar, were consulted by some, but many of the young people who have participated in "Heart Throbs No. II" have chosen the work of contemporary authors as representing their "heart throb." The active co-operation of the young indicates a healthful and wholesome growth of heart sentiment among the people of all ages, and proves conclusively that the enduring quality of all effort must be propelled by the vital heart power. Favorite selections of ambassadors, senators, governors, diplomats and public men are again included; those of farmers, laborers and workingmen—men and women in all walks of life have sent in the bit of verse or prose that touched the heart.

In "Heart Throbs No. II" are met again the favorite authors of the first volume. There are representative lines of James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller, Nixon Waterman, J. W. Foley, W. D. Nesbit, Sam Walter Foss—and it may be interesting to know that the selection sent in the greatest number of times was Foss's noble poem "The House by the Side of the Road." What tender memories are recalled of that dear, good man, now passed beyond, who only a few months ago was present in my library while "Heart Throbs No. II" was being discussed. With his great, dark eyes glowing, he read the tender and sweet tributes paid him by those who sent in contributions from his graceful pen. Dear, sweet soul, how delighted he would be to know that the dearest child of his brain was the heart choice of the thousands who made up this book.

The growth and tolerance of opinion, religious, racial and political, was never more strongly emphasized. All barriers are broken down in the sweet fellowship of "Heart Throbs." There is no attempt at classification, and the volume comes to its readers as nearly as possible in the same form as sent in by the thousands of contributors who made the book. There has been no attempt at editing, or to establish any "style" or literary standard. The book represents the simple onflow of human sentiment revealed by the people when they wanted their favorites in the scrap-book at home preserved by "Heart Throbs" in permanent book form for all. From the most eminent statesman to his humblest constituent, all readers have lavished upon this book the most flattering and affectionate commendations that could be offered. The choicest gleanings of the harvest of contributions were used. There are speeches of departed statesmen, the eloquence of divines and orators, the priceless treasure trove of workbox and scrap-book wherein the fugitive gems of forgotten poets and philosophers have been safely kept to receive at last a larger recognition of their intrinsic merit; there are bits of wit, humor and homely philosophy;—in these two volumes of "Heart Throbs" it would seem that the most enduring selections of English literature can be kept at hand for immediate reference and re-read with the joy and pleasure that recalls the memories of an old friend.

It is needless to say that "Heart Throbs No. II," like the first of the family of "books the people built," is full of kindly, human association; of memories of great and powerful as well as humble and loyal friends; of the joy of present living as well as the tenderness and sweetness of memories past—all blending in one great symphony of "Heart Throbs," which make the reader feel that he is, indeed, one of a great and universal association which, unhampered by ties of conventional membership, or rite or ritual, is boundless in its sweep, and offers sweet communion with those whose hearts are still in touch with the ties of home and the brotherhood of man.

Ira Mitchell Chapple

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In preparing for publication the Second Volume of "Heart Throbs," as a companion book to the original, it has naturally been necessary to procure of authors and publishers permission to use copyrighted matter to a much greater extent than in its predecessor; since the selections embody more recent masterpieces of contemporary authors, and fewer of the fugitive and sometimes anonymous and even disputed gems of bygone generations.

The consent of both authors and publishers has been generously and promptly given, and quite frequently reflect a hearty appreciation of the love and honor in which the beauty and inspiration of their works are held by their fellow-citizens and even aliens whose contributions and requests have made them a part of this volume. In some cases to willing consent and hearty sympathy in the purpose of producing a practical and condensed anthology of the best literature has been added an evident appreciation of the indubitable fact that the sale and lasting availability of a writer's works is immensely promoted by reasonable concessions of this kind, which give certain selections universal currency, and inspire a desire to possess the entire works of the writer.

No pains have been spared, not only to secure the right to use works adequately protected, but to show due courtesy to the interests and feelings of those who are still interested in the sale of standard literature, and the result has been an almost uniform reciprocity and co-operation. In addition, therefore, to the more formal and legal credits attached to each selection, the publishers would heartily thank, for permission given and courtesies rendered, the following authors, publishers and other holders of literary rights:

The Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston, Massachusetts, permit the use of John G. Whittier's "Others Shall Sing," "The Pumpkin" and selections from "Snowbound," Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Good-bye," James Russell Lowell's "Aladdin," Oliver Wendell Holmes' inimitable "One-Hoss Shay," Bret Harte's surprise poem, "The Aged Stranger," John G. Saxe's Anglo-German and witty "The Puzzled Census Taker," E. C. Stedman's "The Discoverer," and Thomas B. Aldrich's dainty, pathetic, immortal "Baby Bell."

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard contribute, with good wishes, dear Sam Walter Foss's "The House by the Side of the Road."

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, and the author, W. H. Carruth, "Each In His Own Tongue."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, second the ready permission of James Whitcomb Riley to use the original verses of "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" and "A Life Lesson," as found in "Afterwhiles" and "Whatever the Weather May Be," from "Songs o' Cheer," and also permit "Borrowin' the Baby" and "The Motherlook" from W. D. Nesbit's "Trail to Boyland" and with the author Robert J. Burdette's "Alpha and Omega" from "Chimes from a Jester's Bells," "The Man and the Picnic" and his "Thirsty Boy."

Rosa Hartwick Thorpe graciously ratifies the use of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," and the friendship of Nixon Waterman generously concedes the use of "The Breaking Plow," "A Morning Prayer" and "Once in a While."

Tom Masson and The Life Publishing Company, New York City, contribute "An Event"; Helen Keller and Doubleday, Page & Company her "I Am as Happy as You Are," and Richard Wightman his terse sermonette on "You Yourself."

Sarah K. Bolton contributes willingly her poem "Faith"; Margaret E. Sangster her "Dear Little Heads in the Pew" and "The Average Man"; Joaquin Miller and his San Francisco publishers, Whittaker, Ray, Wiggin & Company, "The Fortunate Isles"; George M. Cohan of Cohan & Harris, the great theatrical managers, his "Myself and Me"; Leslie's Weekly and Joseph Mills Hanson, "The Cowboy's Song"; Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly, the gifted daughter of the Irish Patriot and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, his poem "What is Good?"; E. P. Mitchell of the New York *Sun*, "Now" and "Is There a Santa Claus?" and Mary Louise Peebles, that tenderest and sweetest poem of the Civil War, "Claribel's Prayer."

James W. Foley of the Bismarck, North Dakota, *Tribune*, consents to the use of "The Echo of the Song," "Daddy Knows" and "Good-Morning, Brother Sunshine," and Robert Loveman his dainty "Song for April."

Alice Stone Blackwell grants the use of "The Bond"; Cy Warman "Will th Lights Be White?"; John Burroughs his "Waiting"; W. S. Gilblan, "I'm Going to Anyway"; Rollin J. Wells, his poems, "Growing Old" and "A Lonesome Place"; Charles Winslow Hall, his Memorial Day poem, "Who Marches Next Memorial Day?" and Herbert Kaufman "The Dreamers," a great favorite with modern readers.

George H. Murphy, the author, and The Century Company permit the use of "If I Were You."

Others there are who deserve the thanks that are due to the great number of anonymous or forgotten authors who, as in Buchanan's "Siren," "heard a melody across the sea, a singing far away," and in the divine madness of that inspiration have dreamed of fame, and sung at least one song "worthy of all acceptation" before "the poet's dream" was merged in the sordid struggle for bread and shelter, or faded out with life itself. In the Far Beyond, may the shades find consolation or added happiness in beholding that their work is not wholly forgotten.

These thanks to the dead and the living voice the esteem in which the selections are held by the people.

THE PUBLISHERS.

HEART THROBS

Volume Two

THE HEART OF FRIENDSHIP

Here's to the heart of friendship, tried and true,
That laughs with us when joys our pathway strew;
And kneels with us when sorrow, like a pall,
Enshrouds our stricken souls; then smiles through all
The midnight gloom with more than human faith.
Here's to the love that seeks not self, and hath
No censure for our frailty, but doth woo,
By gentle arts, our spirits back into
The way of truth; then sheds upon our lives
A radiance that all things else survives.

Anon.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

He has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best

in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction.

Bessie A. Stanley.

A DEED AND A WORD

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Charles Mackay.

WAITING

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
For what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights.
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

By permission.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

Author unknown.

IN DEGREE

Thy lordly genius blooms for all to see
On the clear heights of calm supremacy;
My humbler dower they only find who pass
With eyes that search for violets 'mid the grass.

Paul Hayne.

GAINING WINGS

A twig where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the withered bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more";
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings:
'T is stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

Edna Dean Proctor.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth, by day, by night—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts is linked with God;
And turns not from the cross—the rod;
But walks with joy where Jesus trod—
This is the life that counts. *A. W. S.*

GOOD–BYE

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
  Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
  A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearthstone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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Houghton Mifflin Company.

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Christina G. Rossetti.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said—"what sound is that? It is from my sonata in F!" he said eagerly. "Hark! how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the *finale* there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful, it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets, when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it." And before I could prevent him his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both

were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter! I am a musician."

The girl blushed and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is— Shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you!" said the shoemaker; "but our harpsichord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the Fraulein—"

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon!" he stammered. "But I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy; so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to

play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly, yet reverently. "Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

"Listen!" the composer said, and he played the opening bars of the sonata in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!'

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale* —a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again and give the Fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than

words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that moonlight sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

Anon.

SHOULD YOU FEEL INCLINED TO CENSURE

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly,
Oft become our warmest friends.

Author unknown.

MY SCRAP-BOOK

I have made up my mind that I will not fret and fume over the trifling things of life. I stop and ask myself if it will make any material difference in a week, a month or a year. And I find that I can be calm when the bread will not come up, or the juice is boiling out of the pies, or when it rains on wash-day, or the thousand and one little things happen that used to worry me.

My scrap-book is my tonic bottle. I save all of the helpful little poems and prose that I come across, and I have such a store of them committed to memory that I can take a dose at any time or place.

How many times, when in a melancholy mood, this little verse by Harry Chester has fallen on my heart like a benediction:

"The Scripture says that in His own sweet way
If we but wait,
The Lord will take our burdens and set
Crooked matters straight."

And this by Frank Stanton:

"Where the rough road turns and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom."

Sometimes our cares seem to hedge us in, and we become so self-centered that we are like the little grubs in the wayside pool Mrs. Gatty tells about in her

"Parables on Nature," and couldn't see out of their puddle and thought there was nothing beyond. It is so much better to be thinking of something beautiful and helpful than to be thinking that we are hard-worked and misused.

"Tired, yes, often body, heart and brain—
This then I read: 'There doth a rest remain
Unto His people,' and the fatigue grows less,
While my heart thrills for very thankfulness."

Take time to collect a storehouse of beautiful thoughts:

"Meet trials with smiles and they vanish;
Face cares with a song and they flee."

C. L. McK., Chicago, Ill.

THE SCENT OF THE ROSES

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Thomas Moore.

TODAY

I'd laugh today, today is brief,
I would not wait for anything;
I'd use today that cannot last,
Be glad today and sing.

Anon.

IT WILL MEND

Ex-Governor Pennypacker, in an address that was both kind and witty, said in Philadelphia of the divorce evil:

"There would be less divorce if there were more forgiveness. We forgive our enemies—would it be so dreadful to forgive our husbands and our wives?

"I have been reading a play by a Frenchman—Hervieu's Connaistoi—I wish we turned out such plays in this country—and in the last act of this play an old soldier says a profoundly beautiful thing about those husbands and wives who forgive.

" 'Happiness,' he says, 'is so precious to some of us that, when it is broken, we stoop and gather up the pieces.' "

Selected.

They might not need me; but they might.
I'll let my head be just in sight;
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

Emily Dickinson.

HIS RECOMPENSE

He was a middle-aged clerk in a large wholesale house. He had been there for twenty-five years, and for the last ten had occupied the first chair in the head office. He had no chums and no amusements. He had a cozy, comfortable room in a boarding house, and for a quarter of a century that had been home to him. During all these years he had been happy and contented, giving himself fully to his work and to his Church and Sunday School, but lately a restlessness had been stealing into his heart and with it a desire for change. Something seemed to tell him his life was a wasted one because it had not been wider and greater.

The other clerks had all left the warehouse, so he bent his head upon his arms and when he lifted it there were hot tears in his eyes. His was the burning of soul which consumes the vital energies and leaves a man powerless.

He started as someone opened the outer doors. It was the postman with the belated mail. Mechanically he gathered it up. There were two letters addressed to himself, one from the city, one from British Columbia. He opened the latter first and glanced at the signature. It was from a young man who had been under him for five years, and who two years ago had left for the West. It ran as follows:

"Dear Mr. G—: I am writing to thank you for all your goodness to me while in your office. I am succeeding beyond my best expectations in business, and

yesterday I became a member of the Church, having decided for Christ two months ago. For these two blessings of God I owe all to you, for in both business and religion you have been my example. I hope in this new land to help others as you helped me."

The other was from one of his old Sunday-school scholars, and read:

"Dear Sir: I have taken your advice and once more feel a free man. With the money you loaned me I have paid my debts, and with God's help and yours will redeem the past. I cannot thank you as I ought; but I do trust I will be worthy of your confidence."

A new light came into his face. The old restlessness passed forever. He walked with the step of his youth. God had held the goblet of life to his lips, and he had drunk deep.

C. C. Wylie.

LOVE

To keep one sacred flame
  Through life unchilled, unmoved,
To love in wintry age, the same
  As first in youth we loved,
To feel that we adore
  Even to fond excess
That though the heart would break with more,
  It could not live with less.

Thomas Moore.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps this great plateau,
Flushed with a triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death!"

. . . . . .

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunlight of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,

Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Theodore O'Hara.

WITH A DIFFERENCE

It was a pretty song of spring
That Tommy Jones had learned to sing
Before the school on closing day—
A song appropriate and gay.
The words of his first line were these:
"The buds are bursting on the trees."

But when that day Tom's name was called,
He faced his audience appalled;
And this, alas! was what he sung,
While terror twisted up his tongue
And stage fright shook his voice and knees:
"The birds are busting on the trees!"

Caroline Mischka Roberts.

FAMILY FINANCIERING

"They tell me you work for a dollar a day;
How is it you clothe your six boys on such pay?"

"I know you will think it conceited and queer,
But I do it because I'm a good financier.

"There's Pete, John, Jim, and Joe and William and Ned,
A half-dozen boys to be clothed up and fed.

"And I buy for them all good plain victuals to eat,
And clothing—I only buy clothing for Pete.

"When Pete's clothes are too small for him to go on,
My wife makes 'em over and gives them to John.

"When for John, who is ten, they have grown out of date,
She justs makes 'em over for Jim, who is eight.

"When for Jim they become too ragged to fix,
She just makes 'em over for Joe, who is six.

"And when little Joseph can't wear them no more,
She just makes 'em over for Bill, who is four.

"And when for young Bill they no longer will do,
She just makes 'em over for Ned, who is two.

"So you see, if I get enough clothing for Pete,
The family is furnished with clothing complete."

"But when Ned gets through with the clothing, and when
He has thrown it aside, what do you do with it then?"

"Why, once more we go around the circle complete,
And begin to use it for patches for Pete."

Anon.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

Dear heart, come closer, while the light
  Dies slowly in the darkening sky,
And, marshaled at the call of night,
  The twilight shades troop softly by.

I would not have you sorrow so,
  Because it must be, soon or late,
That one of us, alone, will go
  From out the light thro' death's dark gate.

For life at best is all too short
  When measured by a love like ours,
And death is but an open port
  To broader fields and fairer flowers.

So, while the twilight shades troop past,
  And night and darkness come apace,
We know the dawn will break at last,
  And always there is light some place.

Selected.

THE AVERAGE MAN

When it comes to a question of trusting
  Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of burdens,
  The lifting the heft of a load,
In the hour of peril or trial,
  In the hour you meet as you can,
You may safely depend on the wisdom
  And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other
  Who does his plain duty each day,
The small thing his wage is for doing,
  On the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average man, may God bless him!
  Who pilots us, still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
  Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
  All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every-day hero,
  Whom haply the gods may divine,
But who wears the swart grime of his calling,
  And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at the last with the noblest,—
  The commonplace, average man.

Margaret E. Sangster.

By permission.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,—
  A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
  And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
  And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
  And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
  The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
  And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
  The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
  And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
  When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
  Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
  Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
  And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
  A mother starved for her brood,—

Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

W. H. Carruth.

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A DAILY MOTTO

Verses sent Miss Frances Willard by a devoted friend.

It's curious whut a sight o' good a little thing will do;
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins to brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced to rankle when 'twas spoke,
By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wus a joke;
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows of the years,
By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fails ter note the possibilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer eye:
It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez what ye think lies hid.
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing is did.
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented, day by day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued from decay
By jes' laughin'.

HIS LAST REQUEST

"Pat," said the priest, "you're drunk, and I'm going to make you stop this right here. If you ever get drunk again I'll turn you into a rat—do you mind that? If I don't see you I'll know about it just the same, and into a rat you go. Now you mind that."

Pat was very docile that night, but the next evening he came home even worse drunk than ever, kicked in the door, and Biddy dodged behind the table to defend herself.

"Don't be afraid, darlint," said Pat, as he steadied himself before dropping into a chair, "I'm not going to bate ye. I won't lay the weight of me finger on ye. I want ye to be kind to me tonight, darlint, and to remember the days when we was swatehearts and when ye loved me. You know his riverince said last night if I got dhrunk again he'd turn me into a rat. He didn't see me, but he knows I'm dhrunk, and this night into a rat I go. But I want ye to be kind to me, darlint, and watch me, and when ye see me gettin' little, and the hair growin' out on me, and me whiskers gettin' long, if ye ever loved me, darlint, for God's sake keep yer eye on the cat."

Selected.

The optimist fell ten stories.
At each window-bar
He shouted to his friends:
"All right so far." *Anon.*

POSSESSION

God gave me thee, nor all the world's alarms
Shall take thee, sweet, one moment from my arms.
He tuned our souls in unison divine.
Through Time, Eternity, did name thee mine.
Ne'er fear that anything on earth could make
Me lose the heart that my own heart did wake.

Thy heart is mine, and thy dear self I hold
Within my arms, that close about thee fold;
Nor let the tempests of the world come nigh,
To waft across thy warm red lips one sigh.
With all my worldly love, I thee endow,
We are no longer twain, but one; and now

Give me thy lips, and all the world forget,
Give me thine eyes that like twin stars are set
Beneath the fragrant cloud of thy soft hair,
Thine eyes, Dear Heart, that all the world calls fair,
Not even knowing of the look that lies
Within their depths, for me alone, nor ever dies.

Selected.

MORNING PRAYER

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before tonight,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

Anon.

THE BIBLE

It seems as if to the feet of the sacred writers the mountains had brought all their gems, and the sea all its pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its glory, and eternity all its stupendous realities; and that since then poets and orators and painters had been drinking from an exhausted fountain and searching for diamonds amid realms utterly rifled and ransacked.

Oh! this book is the hive of all sweetness, the armory of all well-tempered weapons, the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe, the lamp that kindles all other lights, the home of all majesties and splendors, the stepping-stone on which heaven stoops to kiss the earth with its glories, the marriage-ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed multitudes of the sky stand round to rejoice at the nuptials. This book is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands, the song into which hath struck all harmonies, the river of light into which hath poured all the great tides of hallelujahs, the firmament in which all suns and moons and stars and constellations and galaxies and immensities and universes and eternities wheel and blaze and triumph.

Where is the youth with music in his soul who is not stirred by Jacob's lament, or Nathan's dirge, Habbakkuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or St. John's anthem of the ten thousand times ten

thousand doxology of elders on their faces, answering to the trumpet blast of archangel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, swearing that time shall be no longer?

In the latter part of the Psalms we see David gathering together a great choir, standing in galleries above each other; beasts and men on the first gallery; above them hills and mountains; above them fire and hail and tempest; above them sun and moon and stars of light; until on the highest round he arrays the host of angels. And there, standing before this vast multitude, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of great orchestra, he lifts his hands, crying: "Praise ye the Lord. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

And all earthly creatures in their song, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder and rattling hail, and stars on all their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones respond in magnificent acclaim:

"Praise ye the Lord.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

Behold in this book faultless rhythm and bold imagery and startling antithesis and rapturous lyric and sad elegy and sweet pastoral and instructive ballad and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollok, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. *Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.*

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

Alfred Tennyson.

OH, SAY, WHAT IS TRUTH?

Oh, say, what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce;
And priceless the value of truth will be, when
The proud monarch's costliest diadem
Is counted but dross and refuse.

Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize
To which mortals or gods can aspire;
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies;
'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

The sceptre may fall from the despot's grasp,
When with winds of stern justice he copes,
But the pillar of truth will endure to the last,
And its firm-rooted bulwarks outstand the rude blast
And the wreck of the fell tyrant's hopes.

Then, say, what is truth? 'Tis the last and the first,
For the limits of time it steps o'er;
Though the heavens depart, and the earth's fountains burst,
Truth, the sum of existence, will weather the worst,
Eternal, unchanged, evermore.

John Jaques.

CASEY AT THE BAT

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.
So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast,
For they thought, "if only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake,
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all,
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,
It rumbled in the mountain-tops, it rattled in the dell;
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner, as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the New York pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand,
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised a hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signaled to Sir Timothy, once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

Phineas Thayer.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM

The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,

And hear thy sweet 'my father,' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

"But oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep. *Willis.*

MARCO BOZZARIS, THE EPAMINONDAS OF MODERN GREECE

His last words were: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear the sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:—
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well,
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath!
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke!
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm.
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine!
And thou art terrible!—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
  Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
  That were not born to die.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

REMEDIES FOR TROUBLE

If you are down with the blues, read the twenty-third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelations.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety-first Psalm.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet, put up the pipe and wash your hands and read the first chapter of St. James.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians.

If people pelt you with hard words, read the fifteenth chapter of St. John and the fifty-first Psalm.

If you are out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

Selected.

THE LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
There came a little blue-eyed one—
All timidly it came—
And standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said with low and timid voice,
And yet with gentle grace,
"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on him
And said, "Forget-me-not." *Anon.*

A BIBLE "HEART THROB"

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

. . . . . .

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

John xiv: 1, 2, 3, 27.

THE MARINER'S DREAM

In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home and dear native bowers
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gaily covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
Joy quickens his pulses, his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! Thou hast blest me; I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame that now glares on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that bursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's gleam painting hell on the sky,
'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere.

He springs from his hammock, he flees to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire,
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel, a wreck;
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell,
In vain the lost wreck calls on mercy to save.
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy! woe to thy dream of delight,
In darkness dissolves the gay frostwork of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, thy love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall love, home or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom, thy fame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead in remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And the winds of midnight shall winter thy dirge.

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansions below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Frail, short-sighted mortals their doom must obey—
O sailor-boy, sailor-boy! peace to thy soul.

W. Dimond.

AN ANTHEM

A sailor who had been to a church service where he heard some fine music was afterward descanting upon an anthem which had given him great pleasure. A listening shipmate finally asked:

"I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What!" exclaimed Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But if I was to say: 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'andspike, spike, Bill, give me that, that 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike, Ahmen, Ahmen, Bill, give me that 'andspike, spike, Ahmen,' why, that would be a hanthem."

Selected.

THE ROCKY HILL

Oh, Jack and Jill went up the hill. They had with them
a pail to fill
With water from the bubbling rill that from the top
was flowing.
The way was steep and hard and rough, the little feet
were far from tough,
But Jack was stout and bold enough and set his heart
on going.

You may remember how they fared, that little couple
sweetly paired;
What he would do she gladly dared. No tale is this
for laughter.
For Jack, the heedless, tumbled down and cracked his
little curly crown,
And Jill she tripped upon her gown and went a-
tumbling after.

I do not think they ever tell that Jill was grieved because
they fell,
And kissed the place to make it well and hurried off
for plaster;
But never doubt the little maid no end of sympathy
displayed
And did her very best to aid the victim of disaster.

I have a rocky hill to climb and I may reach the top in
time;
My little Jill has faith sublime and she has not denied
me;

So what care I for broken crowns or fortune's smiles or
fortune's frowns,
If I can have my ups and downs with little Jill beside
me?

Kenneth Harris.

FAITH

If I could feel my hand, dear Lord, in Thine
And surely know
That I was walking in the light divine
Through weal or woe;

If I could hear Thy voice in accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my trembling, groping, wandering feet,
"This is the way,"

I would so gladly walk therein, but now
I cannot see.
Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to humbly bow
And trust in Thee!

There is no *faith* in seeing. Were we led
Like children here,
And lifted over rock and river-bed,
No care, no fear,

We should be useless in the busy throng,
Life's work undone;
Lord, make us brave and earnest, true and strong,
Till heaven is won.

Sarah K. Bolton.

By permission.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy whose future I had once so nicely planned,
Should wander from the path of right and come to such an end.
I tol' him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row.
He's missed his father's counsel and his mother's prayers, too;
But he said the farm was hateful and he guessed he'd have to go.
I know there's big temptations for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
An' when he left I warned him of the ever waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywheres;
But Bill he promised faithful to be careful, an' allowed
That he would build up a reputation that would make us mighty proud.
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
And now he's got in trouble of the very worstest kind.
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road.

But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
And in the dust'd waller his old daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, and the story's mighty short;
I jest can't tell his mother!—It'll crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur!

James Barton Adams.

A CHILD'S LAUGH

The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with the hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

GROWING OLD

A little more tired at close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way,
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name,
And so, we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold,
A little more zest in the days of old,
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind,
And so, we are faring adown the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little less zeal for established truth,
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news,
And so, we are folding our tents away,
And passing in silence, at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen,
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long-loved and dead,
And so, we are going where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;

The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, if then some soul can say,
"I live, because he has passed my way."

By permission. *Rollin J. Wells.*

G. W.

I

G. W.'s
Birthday;
Great man!
Hooray!

II

Way back.
B. C.,
Old story,
Cherry-tree.

III

Small boy,
Sharp hatchet;
Stern sire,
"You'll catch it!"

IV

"Yes, dad,
I did!
Can't lie!"
Brave kid.

V

Stern sire
Relents;
Gives boy
Ten cents.

VI

We say
Since then,
"G. W.! First in
War; first in
Peace; first in
The hearts of his countrymen! ! ! ! !" *Anon.*

HOHENLINDEN

Hohenlinden (two German words meaning high lime trees) is the name of a village in Bavaria near which the Austrians, under the Archduke John, were defeated by the French and Bavarians, under General Moreau, December 3, 1800. A snowstorm had fallen in the night before the battle, and had hardly ceased when its first movements began. It is only by virtue of a poetical license that the river Iser (pronounced ezer) is made a part of the scenery of the contest, as, in point of fact, it is several miles distant.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

THE FAMILY

The family is like a book—
  The children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers
  That protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
  Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories
  And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
  That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
  Should scatter and be lost! *Anon.*

THE STORY OF THE PICTURE

"The Story of the Picture" is a poem that was written concerning the picture "Breaking Home Ties" by Hovenden. The picture was one of the most popular in the art exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. I enclose a copy as I have never seen this poem except the one copy cut from a newspaper and preserved.

It hangs 'mong a hundred others
And many grander far,
Yet it catches the eye from a distance
Like a luminous guiding star.
And I feel as I pause before it
A something stir in my heart,
Then I know, while the tears are starting,
That this is the truest art.

To show the world how lovelight
Transfigures the human face
The artist chose no goddess
With a form of perfect grace,
But only a work-worn mother
Whose boy is going away,
And written on her features
Are the words she cannot say.

Her lot has not been as she wished it,
Just a changeless round of care,
With none of life's refinements,
With hardly time for prayer.
She is anxious he should escape it,
Yet it seems that her very heart

Is torn by the bitter trial,
Now the time has come to part.

The boy stands in awkward silence,
Ashamed that he wants to cry,
Nor knows the depth of the mother-love
From whose shelter he would fly.
I know that he has in the pockets
Of his clothes that fit so ill,
Money she's saved and hoarded
As only a mother will.

The boy will find in his future
Many hard and homesick days,
Ere he's fitted to new surroundings,
To city men and ways.
But I feel that mother's anguish
When at last the time shall come
That the lad in the far-off city
Ceases to sigh for home.

When, his horizon broadened,
He feels he has no part
In the narrow life of the farmhouse
Which used to fill his heart.
Then many times the mother
Will watch from that door, I trow,
Hoping to see her absent boy,
Who comes so seldom now.

Tonight as the twilight deepens
They will sit in that darkened room,

Each thinking of the future
Of him who has gone from home.
But at sunrise on the morrow
The farm work must be done,
And there's more for those remaining,
Now that this one is gone.

So then with a sigh the mother
Will turn to her work again,
And forget in the long day's labor
A part of her bitter pain,
And the thrush will sing in the elm tree
Beside the kitchen door
Nor miss the cheery whistle
Which answered her before.

Ah, yes, the ties now broken
When he starts on an untried way,
No power can ever mend them
They are severed now for aye.
O wizard of the paint brush,
In your strangely potent spell,
You have woven more than fancy
Or it were not done so well! *Anon.*

THE IDEAL LIFE

. . . "The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are."

Bishop Phillips Brooks.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

What *is a minority?* The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political or religious privilege that you enjoy today that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood, and tears, and bootings and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

"Troops of beautiful tall angels"

gathered round him, and God himself stands within the

dim future, and keeps watch over his own: If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him.

J. B. Gough.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."—*Homer.*

This selection was sent in by a larger number of persons than any other in "Heart Throbs," Volume Two.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament:
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran;—
But let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss.

From "Dreams in Homespun," copyright.
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WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

What is home without a mother?
What are all the loving joys we meet?
When her loving smile no longer
Greets the coming of our feet.
The days seem long, the nights seem drear,
And time rolls slowly on,
And, oh! how few are childhood's pleasures
When her gentle care is gone.

Things we prize are first to vanish,
Hearts we love to pass away;
And how soon, e'en in our childhood,
We behold her turning gray;
Her eye grows dim, her step is slow;
Her joys of earth are past;
And sometimes ere we learn to know her,
She hath breathed on earth her last.

Older hearts may have their sorrows,
Griefs that quickly die away,
But a mother lost in childhood,
Grieves the heart from day to day;
We miss her kind, her willing hand,
Her fond and honest care;
And, oh, how dark is life around us!
What is home without her care?

Alice Hawthorne.

THE BATTLE FLAG OF EARL SIGURD

Earl Sigurd fell in battle against Brian Boru, King of Ireland, at Clontarf, about A. D. 1011. The flag bore a raven and was believed to ensure victory to its followers, but death to its bearer. The Earl himself was its last standard bearer at Clontarf, where he was killed with a great following, having ever before been victorious in all his battles.

I have no folded flock to show;
Though from my youth I have loved the sheep
And the lambs as they fed in the pastures low,
Or climbed the mountain pastures steep;
There were none given to me to keep.
I stood on the hill when the morn broke red,
Through the darkling glen, the foe drew nigh;
They came on swift with a stealthy tread;
I gave the earliest warning cry.
Then fell the falchion, the arrow flew;
I did not fight, nor yield, nor fly,
But held up the flag the whole day through;
Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no garnered sheaf to show,
Though oft, with my shining sickle bared,
I have led the reapers, row on row,
And joined the shout as we homeward fared—
I was not by when the land was shared.
I saw at morn, when the Maidens Dread
Came forth ere the battle to choose the slain,
And at evening the raven's beak was red,
And the ravening wolves were met on the plain.

Then hewed the hanger, the sword smote sore,
I held up the flag till the day went by;
It was glued to my straining clasp with gore—
Wrap it around me when I die.

I have no gorgeous spoil to show;
No torque of the beaten gold, no red,
Rich, broidered garment, wrung from the foe,
Or flung down by chief as the vanquished fled—
I have only watched and toiled and bled.
I stand at eve on the galley's prow;
My side is wounded, and I have striven
So long that my arm is wearied now,
And the flag that it holds is stained and riven.
The night winds murmur, the dank dews fall
On a sullen sea from an angry sky;
I held up the flag in the sight of all;
Wrap it around me when I die.

Author unknown.

HOPE

There is no grave on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So hope sings on in every breast,
Although we may not hear it;
And if today the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance tomorrow's sun may bring
The weary heart a blessing. *Anon.*

GOOD–MORNING

Good-morning, Brother Sunshine;
  Good-morning, Sister Song.
I beg your humble pardon
  If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
  To shut you out were sin.
My heart is standing open;
  Won't you
    walk
      right
        in?

Good-morning, Brother Gladness;
  Good-morning, Sister Smile.
They told me you were coming,
  So I waited on a while;
I'm lonesome here without you;
  A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;
  Won't you
    walk
      right
        in?

Good-morning, Brother Kindness;
  Good-morning, Sister Cheer.
I heard you were out calling,
  So I waited for you here.

Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

J. W. Foley.

By permission.

HUNGERING HEARTS

I

Some hearts go hungering thro' the world
And never find the love they seek.
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eyes may flash, the mouth may smile—
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungering heart is pining still.

II

These know their doom and walk their way
With level steps and steadfast eyes
Nor strive with fate, nor weep, nor pray,
While others not so sadly wise
Are mocked by phantoms evermore
And lured by seemings of delight—
Fair to the eye but at the core
Holding but bitter dust and blight.

III

I see them gaze from wistful eyes
I mark their sign on fading cheeks
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs
And note the grief that never speaks.
No eye with pity is impearled,
O misconstrued and suffering long,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

IV

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountain's shade, no date grove fair,
Nor gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches wide and bare,
The foot may fail, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint
And speak no word of grief or blame.

V

O eager eyes, which gaze afar,
O arms which clasp the empty air,
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile, patient lips, so proudly dumb—
When life's tent at last is furled
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

Author unknown.

THE OLD BACHELORS' SALE

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers,
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid,
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue;
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow.
And to call out to all he might meet in his way:
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here today!"

And presently all the old maids in the town
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.

The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,

"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twinkle every lady responded, "I! I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors were all sold off in a trice.
And forty old maids—some younger, some older—
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

Anon.

THE OLD SONG

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near.
But an old song may be roughly sung;
The ear forgets its art,
As rises from the rudest tongue
The tribute to the heart.

On tented fields 'tis welcome still;
'Tis sweet on the stormy sea,
In forests wild, on lonely hill,
And away on the prairie lea.
But dearer far the old sweet song
When friends we love are nigh,
And well-known voices, clear and strong,
Ring out the chorus cry.

Quoted by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

THE WANTS OF MAN

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with *me* exactly so;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

. . . . . .

I want (who does not want?) a wife—
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,—
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

. . . . . .

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power,—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

. . . . . .

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man*,—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great *Want*—absorbing all—
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *Mercy of my God*.

John Quincy Adams.

Washington, August 31, 1841.

THE COMFORTS OF FRIENDSHIP

Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thought nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together; as certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of comfort blow the rest away.

Anon.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good," replied the pendulum, "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you,

how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you, above there, can tell me the exact sum?" The minute-hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one? And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself—'I'll stop!' "

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue, but resuming its gravity, thus replied:

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and although

this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do;* would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to enquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions.*"

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," added the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night. *Jane Taylor.*

THE ECHO OF A SONG

To my fancy, idly roaming, comes a picture of the gloaming,
Comes a fragrance from the blossoms of the lilac and the rose;
With the yellow lamplight streaming I am sitting here and dreaming
Of a half-forgotten twilight whence a mellow memory flows;
To my listening ears come winging vagrant notes of woman's singing;
I've a sense of sweet contentment as the sounds are borne along;
'Tis a mother who is tuning her fond heart to love and crooning
To her laddie such a
Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.

Ah, how well do I remember when by crackling spark and ember
The old-fashioned oaken rocker moved with rhythmic sweep and slow;
With her feet upon the fender, in a cadence low and tender,

Floated forth that slumber anthem of a childhood
long ago.
There were goblins in the gloaming, and the half-closed
eyes went roaming
Through the twilight for the ghostly shapes of bugaboos
along;
Now the sandman's slyly creeping and a tired lad's half
sleeping,
When she sings to him that
Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.

So I'm sitting here and dreaming with the mellow lamp-
light streaming
Through the vine-embowered window in a yellow
filigree,
On the fragrant air come winging vagrant notes of
woman's singing,
'Tis the slumber song of childhood that is murmuring
to me,
And some subtle fancy creeping lulls my senses half to
sleeping
As the misty shapes of bugaboos go dreamily along,
All my sorrows disappearing, as a tired lad I'm hearing
Once again my mother's
Sleepy little
Creepy little
Song.

By permission. *J. W. Foley.*

A NAME IN THE SAND

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
  My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
  And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me,
A wave of dark oblivious sea
  Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more;
Of me, my frame, the name I bore
  To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
  Inscribed against my name
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
  For glory or for shame.

Hannah Flagg Gould.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

"Drowned! Drowned!"—*Hamlet.*

One more Unfortunate,
  Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
  Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
  Lift her with care,—
Fashioned so slenderly,
  Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
  Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
  Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
  Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her.
All that remains of her
  Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful:

Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

. . . .

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

. . . .

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

. . . .

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;

Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

. . . .

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

Thomas Hood.

LYRA INCANTATA

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enscrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me,
Must strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavor
A chord that sounds forever."

Three bards of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king,
Were bidden to the trial
To find the magic string,
(If there were such a thing).
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.

The first—a minstrel hoary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won;
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation
The harp ceased its vibration.

The second changed the measure
And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit, all roared.
And the high walls resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter
Grew hushed at that, soon after.

The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire!
And, as he smote the wire,
The listeners, gathering round him,
Caught up a wreath and crowned him,
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!

Theodore Tilton.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Circumstantial evidence caused a death sentence to be pronounced on a dog at a west side truck farm recently. The incident only goes to show how easy it is to convict even the innocent. The farmer owned a collie named Maje, of which he was unusually fond. For some weeks he had been missing eggs from his henhouse, but could not discover the thief. Egg shells would be found in the nests every day, and with fresh eggs bringing forty cents a dozen the farmer realized his loss and finally suspected Maje. A close watch was kept on the chicken house and one day the farmer saw the dog sneaking stealthily along toward the half-open door of the chicken house. In a few minutes it came out again.

The farmer went into the house and there found many egg shells. Evidence was indisputable, and the pet collie was ordered shot. The day following the execution every egg in the chicken house was eaten. The farmer then started another investigation. Beneath the floor of an abandoned smokehouse he discovered the home of a weasel and half a dozen young ones. A trap was set, the mother weasel was caught and killed and the young ones afterward captured. No eggs have since been missing, and the farmer grieves for the loss of his dog.

"Maje never touched an egg," said the farmer. "He was in the henhouse trying to catch that weasel, and the poor fellow died because the circumstantial evidence

against him was positive. It would never do for a juror to try a man for murder on such evidence."

Chicago News.

THE RELIGION OF THE WORLD

Two Scots, Donald and Duncan, were carried out from shore in a sudden storm, and lost their way in the swirling waters. When the waves began to wash over their frail little boat, Duncan cried out:

"Donald, you maun pray!"

"I cawn't pray." (Forcibly.)

They bent to the oars, but failed to turn the boat against the blinding waves, and Duncan commanded fiercely:

"Donald, you maun pray!"

"I cawn't pray!" (With awful emphasis.)

Then Duncan's voice rose above the storm.

"Dom it, you've *got* to!"

Then Donald got to his knees as well as he could in the rocking boat, and raised his voice to a shout.

"O Lord, it ha' been fifteen year sence I ha' awsked anything at Thy hands! And, if thou wilt take this boat safe to shore, it will be fifteen more before I will pother thee again!"

Just then the boat touched the shore, and Duncan called out to him, "There, Donald, that will do! Don't ye be beholden to nobody. The boat's already to the shore!"

William Black.

A WASTED DAY

The day is done,
And I, alas, have wrought no good,
Performed no worthy task of thought or deed,
Albeit small my power, and great my need,
I have not done the little that I could.
With shame o'er forfeit hours I brood—
The day is done.

One step behind,
One step through all eternity—
Thus much to lack of what I might have been,
Because the temptress of my life stole in,
And rapt a golden day away from me!
My highest height can never be—
One step behind.

I cannot tell
What good I might have done, this day,
Of thought or deed, that still, when I am gone,
Had long, long years gone singing on and on,
Like some sweet fountain by the dusty way,
Perhaps some word that God would say—
I cannot tell!

O life of light,
That goest out, I know not where,
Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore,
To write thy record there forevermore,
Take on thy shining wings a hope, a prayer—
That henceforth I unfaltering fare
Toward life and light. *James Buckham.*

TWO OF THEM

In the farmhouse porch the farmer sat,
With his daughter having a cozy chat;
She was his only child, and he
Thought her as fair as a girl could be.
A wee bit jealous the old man grew
If he fancied any might come to woo;
His one pet lamb and her loving care
He wished with nobody else to share.

"There should be *two* of you, child," said he—
"There should be two to welcome me
When I come home from the field at night;
Two would make the old homestead bright.
There's Neighbor Grey with his children four,
To be glad together. Had *I* one more
A proud old father I'd be, my dear,
With two good children to greet me here."

Down by the gate 'neath the old elm tree
Donald waited alone; and she
For whom he waited his love-call heard,
And on either cheek the blushes stirred.
"Father," she said, and knelt her down,
And kissed the hand that was old and brown,
"Father, there *may* be two, if you will,
And I—your only daughter still.

"Two to welcome you home at night;
Two to make the old homestead bright;

I—and somebody else." "I see,"
Said the farmer; "and whom may 'somebody' be?"
Oh, the dimples in Bessie's cheek,
That played with blushes at hide-and-seek!
Away from his gaze she turned her head,
"One of Neighbor Grey's children," she said.

"H'm!" said the farmer, "make it plain;
Is it Susan, Alice, or Mary Jane?"
Another kiss on the aged hand,
To help the farmer to understand (?)
"H'm!" said the farmer, "yes; I see—
It is *two for yourself and one for me.*"
But Bessie said, "There can be but one
For me and my heart till life is done."

Harper's Weekly.

EPITAPH

Epitaph placed on the tomb of his wife by Mark Twain.

Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here.
Warm southern wind
Blow softly here.

Green sod above
Lie light, lie light.
Good-night, dear heart,
Good-night, good-night.

NEVER GIVE UP

Never give up! it is wiser and better
  Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
  And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
  Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
  The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up! there are chances and changes
  Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
  Ever success,—if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
  Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest
  Is the true watchword of "Never give up!"

Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle,
  Or the full thundercloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle
  Little shall harm you, though doing their worst;
Never give up! if adversity presses,
  Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
  Is the stout watchword of "Never give up!"

Martin Farquhar Tupper.

A THIRSTY BOY

I saw the boy who wanted a drink—a restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile. He stood out on the platform until he was incrusted two inches deep with ashes and dust and cinders. He went to the water cooler and got a drink; then he came back and told his mother he was hot and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile, seldom oftener, unless he was seized with a sudden, uncontrollable spasm of thirst. If he was drinking, and somebody else came after a drink, the boy would suddenly seize the cup he had just set down and refill it, and drink as though he had wrapped his stomach in the Desert of Sahara, glaring suspiciously over the top of the cup at the waiting passenger as he drank.

When he was in his seat he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler, he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until the thirsty traveller forgot what he went down there after. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for, and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. The remotest hint or suggestion was enough to send him back to the cooler. When the train ran over a creek, the water made him think of his thirst. When it rattled over a long stretch of dry prairie, the absence of water drove him mad. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the

boy was filled up, and he was rather a small boy, too. His interior circumference, I think, must have enclosed an area double in extent to that enclosed by the exterior belt.

Near Waseca we ran nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank. I grew very nervous now, for I was fearful that during such an unheard-of abstinence from water his pumps would run dry, rust out, and he might blow up. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said carelessly:

"By George! but I am thirsty. I wonder if there is any water in this car?"

You want to understand me now as recording very plainly, and without any mental reservation, the fact that the boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark; she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash, with, "I wish you would mind your own business, and leave my boy alone!"

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car—a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the thirsty boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed "yours truly" very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she had finished that brief sentence her boy was down at the water-cooler, holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them, while he flooded his system as though he had taken a contract to keep up a perennial freshet inside of himself.

By permission. *R. J. Burdette.*

TODAY

Upon the threshold of "today" I stand,—
It lies before me, fresh from God's own hand,
Without a blemish—mine, for good or ill.
But, if I trust to self, to my weak will,
To keep it spotless, I shall surely fail;
Thy strength and guidance can alone avail.
So now my heart goes out in earnest plea,
That, for today, Thou wilt abide with me.

Life's yesterdays forevermore have passed
Beyond my reach; and now, O Lord, Thou hast
Them in Thy keeping. Let Thy righteousness
Hide the dark stains they bear. Help me to press
On toward the mark. Humbly, dear Lord, I pray,
That, as each "morrow" merges in "today,"
I may surrender all I am to Thee,
And that Thy presence may abide with me.

For, so abiding, doubt and strife must cease.
With Thee to lead me on, the perfect peace
That passeth understanding I shall know;
Alike through calm and gale I needs must go
My way content. Then, on that morrow fair
Which brings deliverance, grant Thou my prayer,—
That immortality my part may be.
So shall I evermore abide with Thee.

J. H.

DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat.
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

Clear in the hymns resounding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices
Eager to praise the Lord.
And I trust that the rising anthem
Has a meaning deep and true,
The thought and the music blended,
For the dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"

They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home.
A place of their own with his people,
He cares for me and for you,
But close in his arms he gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

So I love in the great assembly
On the Sabbath morn to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

By permission. *Margaret E. Sangster.*

MY MOTHER

If I were asked to give a thought which in one word would speak
A unity of brotherhood, a sympathy complete,
A hundred happy cheery ways, a mind that knows its own,
Contented midst a throng of folk, yet peaceful when alone,
A heart that sheds its silent glow, to brighten many another,
Without a moment of delay, I'd say, "You mean my mother."

Anon.

THE DEED IS THE MAN

The Dream is the babe in the lovelit nest,
And the rollicking boy at play;
The Dream is the youth with the old, old zest
For the rare romance of a day.
Then the Deed strides forth to the distant goal
That has dazzled since life began:
For the Dream is the child of the rampant soul,
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the peak that is seen afar,
And the wish for the eagle's wings;
The Dream is the song to the beck'ning star
That the world waif fondly sings.
Then the Deed comes crowned with the strength and skill
That doth perfect a golden plan;
For the Dream is the child of the sovereign will—
But the Deed is the man.

The Dream is the mask that would make men fair,
And the boast that would count them brave;
The Dream is the honors that heroes wear,
And the glory that high hearts crave.
Then the Deed gives battle to pride and pelf
As only a conqueror can;
For the Dream is the child of the better self—
But the Deed is the man.

No song was so sweet and no star so bright
As the Dream of the Nazarene;

From Virgin's bosom to Calvary's height
It sang and it shone, serene.
Then the Deed proclaimed Him King of His kind
As the blood of the Martyr ran;
For the Dream was the Child of the Mastermind—
But the Deed was the Man!

James C. McNally.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is the greatest business asset in the world. It beats money and power and influence. Single-handed the enthusiast convinces and dominates where a small army of workers would scarcely raise a tremor of interest. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudice and opposition, spurns inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles. Enthusiasm is faith in action; and faith and initiative rightly combined remove mountainous barriers and achieve the unheard of and miraculous. Set the germ of enthusiasm afloat in your business; carry it in your attitude and manner; it spreads like a contagion and influences every fiber of your industry; it begets and inspires effects you did not dream of; it means increase in production and decrease in costs; it means joy and pleasure and satisfaction to your workers; it means life real and virile; it means spontaneous bed-rock results—the vital things that pay dividends.

Electrocraft.

IN THE GLOW OF CHRISTMAS

In the glow of Christmas giving and merriment our hearts become suffused with the Christ-like impulse of kindly, gentle greeting, and respect for the rights of others, obedience to the most lofty ideals of human intercourse, and deference to our fellow-beings as life seems illumined by the ineffable and softened light of the Star of Bethlehem.

Let us sit down, in the twilight, by the flickering firelight, and think over for a moment just how much we owe to others for whatever happiness we enjoy. Think a moment—think reflectively, as did Sidney Lanier when he said:

> "I shut myself in with my soul,
> And the shapes came eddying forth."

Think tenderly and lovingly—and forms and faces crowd upon the vision that perhaps have been long forgotten in the tumult of life. Among the first are those of mother and father, from whose ideals, years ago, were gained the impulses that led to honorable achievement. Here is a vision of the passing friend, whose memory is only preserved in a yellow bundle of letters—letters from whose fading sentences came the inspiration that influences a life career.

Nor are all faces those of the dead. Many, indeed, are still seen in everyday life. Our friends—the people we meet in business or join in pleasure—how many have helped to mould our lives as we reckon them up in the fading light of the dying Christmas fire!

I am reminded of the famous painting which hangs for universal inspiration in Watts' room in the Wallace collection, on the Thames embankment in London. A great world circling through infinite space is represented—surmounted by a harp with but one string; but that string vibrates with the spirit of Hope, and underneath is a motto especially appropriate for Christmas-tide—

"To give is to gain."

And unless Christmas can be kept as a time of giving; unless that giving means some sacrifice and some radiance of joy and comfort and hope to a human being, it will indeed be a dull and cheerless Yuletide.

Let this Christmas be one of happiness, and the new year will be radiant with hope and filled with the impulse of doing *something* for *somebody* every day. The books will balance if the impulse be actuated by fair play—fair play to every fellow-being.

With this sublimation will come the great consciousness of peace and benediction from Him who having lived a perfect life on earth now reigns over that universal kingdom toward which the heart and soul of man have ever turned for the "peace that passeth understanding" and the good will whose primal chord vibrates the harp-strings of Hope.

Joe Mitchell Chapple.

Blessed is he who has found his work—let him ask no other blessedness. *Carlyle.*

PA SHAVED OFF HIS WHISKERS

I haven't had such jolly fun for forty thousand years,
Jes' laughed until I thought my eyes was runnin' out in tears.
An' Ma she slapped me on the back to help me ketch my breath,
An' said she couldn't blame me if I laughed myself to death.
My ribs got sore like they was biles, my head got achin', and
My inside fixin's hurt like they had more than they could stand.
An' every time I see him yet I have to fetch a grin,
Because he looks so awful queer with nothin' on his chin.
There never was a father's son
That had such jolly, roarin' fun
As me, since children was begun,
Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

He blushed jes' like a giggly girl when he come home that night,
An' Ma, she met him at the door an' nodded real polite,
An' asked him if he'd not come in, a-lookin' of him o'er
Jes' like she was a-wonderin' where she'd seen them clothes before.
She offered him the rockin' cheer, and asked him fur his hat,
An' when she hung it up, she looked suspiciously at that,
An' him a-grinnin' all the time, and her a-lookin' skeered,

An' me a-sizin' of him up an' honestly afeard!
But when he looked almighty shy
At me, an' winked his other eye,
I yelled to bust: "Why, Ma, the guy
Is Pa; shaved off his whiskers."

Pa heaved back in the rockin' cheer an' fetched a big "Haw, haw."
I had a real hysterics fit, an' roared, an' squealed, an' Ma
She stood like she was paralyzed, an' stared in stupid way,
Jes' like to save her life she couldn't think of what to say,
An' then she reached her fingers out and rubbed 'em on his chin,
An' darned if either one of 'em could do a thing but grin.
An' then she stooped and tuk a kiss, an' say, I'll jes' be blamed,
That orful naked mouth of Pa's looked like it was ashamed!
'Twas orful mean of me, I know,
But I jes' had to laugh or go
Insane, it paralyzed me so,
When Pa shaved off his whiskers.

When Ma regained her consciousness, I heard her softly say,
"Why, Willyum, you hain't looked so young fur many an' many a day—
Look something like you uster look them times when me an' you
Was courtin' up to married life, indeed, indeed you do."

An' then she sat upon his knee a-feelin' of his chin,
Jes' like they was a lovin' pair that wasn't any kin.
An' me a-rollin' on the floor, jes' like a dyin' calf,
Fur every time I'd take a peep at Pa, I'd have to laugh.
But now he doesn't look so bad,
An' never was a prouder lad
Than me, to have so young a dad,
Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

Denver Evening Post.

THE DIRGE OF ALARIC, KING OF THE VISIGOTHS

When I am dead, no funeral train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier;
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear.
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take a boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not rear a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay with lying breath
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil
Your monuments upon my breast;

Nor yet within the common soil
  Lay down the wreck of power to rest
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him who was "The Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn
  Back from its secret channel bare,
And hollow for your Sovereign's urn
  A resting place forever there.
And never be the secret said
Until the deep give up its dead.

. . . . . .

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Caesars shrieked for help,
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem!
I struck a deeper, darker dye
In the purple of their majesty!
I bade my northern banners shine
Upon their conquered Palatine!

My course is run! my errand done!
  I go to Him from whom I came,
But nevermore shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts will long grow sick,
When men shall speak of Alaric.

Anon.

THE GLORY OF THE GIRL

She was on the platform reading her essay. She looked as if she had just stepped out of a flower bed. In her cheeks the carnation had left its glow, and her lips had robbed the roses. She was a healthy, fragrant, glowing American girl, of a type that we love and protect and honor.

Her essay or oration? Something that told of throbbing hope and ambition and rosy skies. Hard knocks are few in the chrysalis period. Why shouldn't this graduation girl for a time believe in the entire goodness of the world; believe in perpetual sunshine? The band plays raggy music for her now; her pulses quicken and she is happy. It is well. Why should she know that further down the path there are no flowers, the bands do not play and the clouds often shut out the sun?

Let her have her good times—this Graduation Girl. Let her glory in her triumphs and be proud of her attainments. There can never be too much happiness in the world; there is always too much sorrow.

Down in the front row are father and mother—a man and a woman who have toiled and suffered and borne much. It is the common lot. It puts deep care lines into faces, and sometimes it wrinkles hearts, but not always.

If you will look closely you will see that that old couple have just one object in life—*the girl*. She is of their blood. She is slipping away from them as the years go by, and often the mother cries silently because

of a sorrow that is too deep for words. She is proud of her Graduation Girl, but her arms are empty, and there is an ache in her heart for the baby that has blossomed into a woman. Men love deeply and truly, but there is a holy affection that is denied them. Mothers know it—mothers only.

The essay! To those old folks it represents the climax of wisdom, the culmination of learning. The words flow like music and there is a hymn in every paragraph. True affection wears rose-colored glasses, you know.

And then, when it is all over, a queen goes to her home. She seems just a little bit higher and holier than any other girl, does this graduation daughter, and she talks to father about it, and to mother, and her eyes shine, there is a sob in her throat, and she discovers, all at once, that it wasn't the applause of the great world she yearned for, but the grand appreciation of an old man and an old woman; not so much a desire for fame and a career as to justify their wonderful faith in her ability.

Cincinnati Post.

DEEDS, NOT HEREDITY

They will ask you, "What have you done?"
Not, "Who were your ancestors?"
The famous veil in the sanctuary
Is not reverenced by the faithful
Because it came from the silkworm.

Saadi, the Persian poet.

A CREED FOR THE DISCOURAGED

I believe that God created me to be happy, to enjoy the blessings of life, to be useful to my fellow-beings, and an honor to my country.

I believe that the trials which beset me today are but the fiery tests by which my character is strengthened, ennobled and made worthy to enjoy the higher things of life, which I believe are in store for me.

I believe that my soul is too grand to be crushed by defeat; I will rise above it.

I believe that I am the architect of my own fate; therefore,

I will be master of circumstances and surroundings, not their slave.

I will not yield to discouragements, I will trample them under foot and make them serve as stepping-stones to success. I will conquer my obstacles and turn them into opportunities.

My failures of today will help to guide me on to victory on the morrow.

The morrow will bring new strength, new hopes, new opportunities and new beginnings. I will be ready to meet it with a brave heart, a calm mind and an undaunted spirit.

In all things I will do my best, and leave the rest to the Infinite.

I will not waste my mental energies by useless worry. I will learn to dominate my restless thoughts and look on the bright side of things.

I will face the world bravely, I will not be a coward. I will assert my God-given birthright and be a man. For I am Immortal, and nothing can overcome me.

Virginia Opal Myers.

A LIFE-LESSON

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl; don't cry!

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James Whitcomb Riley.

THE END OF IT ALL

Ah! the end of it all—
  Of this life that we live;
Of the blows that we get
  And the blows that we give;
Of the joys and the griefs
  That to each of us fall—
Blind humanity dreams
  Of the end of it all.

The lover who yearns
  For affection denied;
The prince in his hall
  And the pauper outside;
The parent whose darling
  Lies under the pall—
Each mournfully dreams
  Of the end of it all.

Since God in His love
  For His children denies
This glimpse of the end
  To humanity's eyes,
Let each bravely answer
  Life's manifest call
And rely on the Lord
  For the end of it all.

Frank Putnam.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

What then is the meaning of life—of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life. And its facts seem only explainable upon a theory which cannot be expressed but in myth and symbol, and which, everywhere and at all times, the myths and symbols in which men have tried to portray their deepest perceptions do in some form express.

The scriptures of the men who have been and gone—the Bibles, the Zend Avestas, the Vedas, the Dhammapadas, and the Korans; the esoteric doctrines of old philosophies, the inner meaning of grotesque religions, the dogmatic constitutions of Ecumenical Councils, the preachings of Foxes, and Wesleys, and Savonarolas, the traditions of red Indians, the beliefs of black savages, have a heart and core in which they agree—a something which seems like the variously distorted apprehensions of a primary truth. And out of the chain of thought we have been following there seems vaguely to rise a glimpse of what they vaguely saw—a shadowy gleam of ultimate relations, the endeavor to express which inevitably falls into type and allegory. A garden in which are set the trees of good and evil. A vineyard in which there is the master's work to do. A passage—from life behind to life beyond. A trial and a struggle, of which we cannot see the end.

Look around today. Lo! here, now, in our civilized society, the old allegories yet have a meaning, the old

myths are still true. Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death yet often leads the path of duty, through the streets of Vanity Fair walk Christian and Faithful, and on Greatheart's armor ring the clanging blows. Ormuzd still fights with Ahriman—the Prince of Light with the Powers of Darkness. He who will hear, to him the clarions of the battle call.

How they call, and call, and call, till the heart swells that hears them! Strong soul and high endeavor, the world needs them now. Beauty still lies imprisoned, and iron wheels go over the good and true and beautiful that might spring from human lives.

And they who fight with Ormuzd, though they may not know each other—somewhere, sometime, will the muster roll be called.

Henry George, in "Progress and Poverty."

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL

A district school not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book—
When suddenly behind his back,
Rose, loud and clear, a rousing smack,
As 'twere a battery of bliss

Let off in one tremendous kiss!
"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun—
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threat'ner faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
'"Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad—
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered I was 'feared of girls,
And dassn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot.
I know—*boo hoo*—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks—*boo hoo*—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

W. P. Palmer.

THE CONVICT'S LITTLE GIRL

The warden of a state prison tells the following pathetic incident of a life convict:

"I was passing out of the prison-yard one bitterly cold Christmas morning.

"Just outside the gate I saw a thinly clad little girl of about twelve years, her face and hands blue with cold. She put out one of her thin hands to detain me as I passed.

" 'What is it?' I asked.

" 'Well, if you please, sir, I'd like to know if I can go inside, and see my—my father? His name is Mister John H——y.'

"I recognized the name as that of a life convict, a man notoriously bad.

"Going to my office, I sent for the convict. He came, sullen and dejected; in his face was the look of utter hopelessness the faces of prisoners for life so often wear.

"The child sprang forward to meet him, the hot tears streaming over her white face.

"He stepped back, sullen and seemingly angry. No word of welcome came from his lips for the ragged, trembling little creature who stood crying before him with something clasped close in her hand.

" 'I—I—came to—say "Merry Christmas," father,' she faltered. 'I—I—thought maybe you'd be glad to see me.'

"The convict's head drooped. The hard look was going out of his face, his eyes were moistening. His little girl went on, tremblingly and tearfully:—

" 'And I—I—brung you something, father. It was all I could think of, and all I could get. I live to the poorhouse now.'

"Her trembling fingers began unwrapping the bit of soft white paper in her hand, and she held out a short, shining curl of yellow hair carefully tied with a bit of old ribbon.

" 'I wouldn't give this to anybody on earth but you, father. You used to really and truly love little Johnnie; mother said you did; and so'—

"The man fell to his knees with both hands clasped over his face.

" 'I *did* love him,' he said hoarsely. 'I love him still; bad as I am, I love him still.'

" 'I knew it,' said the child, going closer, 'and I knowed you'd like this, now that Johnnie's dead.'

" 'Dead!' cried the man, rocking to and fro, still on his knees with his hands over his face. 'My little boy!'

" 'Yes,' said the child, 'he died in the poorhouse only last week, and there's no one left but me, now; but I ain't goin' to forgit you, father. I'm going to stick right by you, spite of what folks say, and some day maybe I can get you out of here; I'm going to *try*.'

"He put out one arm, drew the child toward him and kissed her again and again. I silently left the room, and they were together alone for half an hour. Then the child came out, smiling through her tears.

" 'Mind,' she said, before closing the door, 'I'll never forgit you, father, never.' "

By permission. *Youth's Companion.*

THE LADIES

(Mark Twain's response to the toast)

I have in mind a poem which is familiar to you all, familiar to everybody. And what an inspiration that was (and how instantly the present toast recalls the verses to all our minds) when the most noble, the most gracious, the purest and sweetest of all poets, says:

"Woman! O Woman!—er—er—
Wom—"

However, you remember the lines; and you remember how feelingly, how daintily, how almost imperceptibly the verses raise up before you, feature by feature, the ideal of a true and perfect woman; and how, as you contemplate the finished marvel, your homage grows into worship of the intellect that could create so fair a thing out of mere breath, mere words. And you call to mind now, as I speak, how the poet, with stern fidelity to the history of all humanity, delivers this beautiful child of his heart and his brain over to the trials and sorrows that must come to all, sooner or later, that abide in the earth, and how the pathetic story culminates in that apostrophe—so wild, so regretful, so full of mournful retrospection. The lines run thus:

"Alas!—alas!—a—alas!
———Alas!————Alas!"

—and so on. I do not remember the rest; but, taken altogether, it seems to me that poem is the noblest tribute to woman that human genius has ever brought forth. I feel that if I were to talk hours, I could

not do my great theme completer or more graceful justice than I have now done in simply quoting the poet's matchless words.

The phases of the womanly nature are infinite in their variety. Take any type of woman, and you shall find in it something to respect, something to admire, something to love. And you shall find the whole joining you, heart and hand. Who was more patriotic than Joan of Arc? Who was braver? Who has given us a grander instance of self-sacrificing devotion? Ah! you remember, you remember well, what a throb of pain, what a great tidal wave of grief swept over us all when Joan of Arc fell at Waterloo. Who does not sorrow for the loss of Sappho, the sweet singer of Israel? Who among us does not miss the gentle piety of Lucretia Borgia? Who can join in the heartless libel that says woman is extravagant in dress, when he can look back and call to mind our simple and lowly mother Eve arrayed in her modification of the Highland costume? Sir, women have been soldiers, women have been painters, women have been poets. So long as language lives, the name of Cleopatra will live. And, not because she conquered George III, but because she wrote those divine lines:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE LIPS

Old Joe Ouar was very deaf, but he got the idea into his head that he could understand perfectly whatever

was said to him by simply noticing the lips of the person addressing him. He and his hired man Jake were chopping a well-pole, and looking up the road they saw a man coming toward them. Old Joe grasped the opportunity to give an exhibition of his wonderful faculties, so addressing Jake, he said: "See that man coming down the road? Well, I just know what he is going to say. He is going to ask me what I am chopping, and I'm going to say 'well-pole.' He's going to ask me how far down I'm going to chop it, and I'm going to say 'Right down to that knot-hole.' Then he's going to ask me how much I want for it, and I'm going to say, 'Two dollars and a half.' Then he's going to say he won't give it, and I'm going to tell him if he don't, somebody else will. Now just watch and see if I ain't right."

In a short time the stranger drove up.

Stranger—"Good-morning."

Old Joe—"Well-pole."

Stranger—"How far is it to the nearest hotel?"

Old Joe—"Right down to that there knot hole."

Stranger—"You talk like a fool. What's the matter with you?"

Old Joe—"Two dollars and a half."

Stranger—"I've got a good mind to get down and knock your blamed head off."

Old Joe—"Well, if you don't, somebody else will."

The stranger moved on, leaving Old Joe serenely happy with the consciousness that he struck it right. Meanwhile Jake was behind a stump in a fit.

Charles C. Yeager.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
  Wha hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
  Our toil's obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
  Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
  His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
  He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

Robert Burns.

A LITTLE SHOE

There it lies, a little shoe—
Only that, at least to you.
Just such others, six or more,
Patter on the nursery floor.
And your heart and lips are smiling,
Some sweet thought is you beguiling,
Of one little pair of feet
That will hurry out to meet
Mother. . . . And when they have found you,
Chubby arms will cling around you.

You will have no need to call him:
Neither sleep nor death enthrall him.
You will hold him to your breast
With an utter sense of rest,—
All your own within your grasp.
At your neck the baby clasp.

And to me a tearless weeping,
And a hunger never sleeping,
As I stand, my heart outleaping,
Knocking, knocking at the door,
Where God stands forevermore.
For He holds the wee one who
Once did wear this little shoe.
And the tender little voice,
That did make my heart rejoice,
Maybe He has taught another
Language, and the childish clinging,
Has died out in his upbringing,
And he will not know his mother.

Not the shoe, but what was in it,
As the cage that holds the linnet,
Did I love; but Christ bereft me.
And the husk alone is left me;
On my dead heart let it lie.
I could leave it, if on high
My lost little one should meet me,
Tottering, hurrying up to greet me. . . .
This you know not—only you
See a little common shoe. *Anon.*

A MOTHER-HUBBARD SERMON

The following parodies the method upon which some parsons are said to construct their discourses.

"Brethren, the words of my text are:

" 'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.'

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our everyday life.

" 'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.'

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow, yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *She went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are '*the* cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'left-hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor; but just *the* cupboard—the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she

go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering, precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor, too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to the cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar—to open it for that poor dog.

> " 'But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
> And so the poor dog had none.'

" 'When she got there!' You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right, or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told '*she got there.*'

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?

" 'The cupboard was bare!' It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one—the sole hope of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog—was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an 'ice' from Gatti's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise.

But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul.

. . . . . .

"And, O dear friends! keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text—'And so the poor dog had none.' "

Anon.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST

What is the voice I hear
  On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
  And say what the voice may be.
"'Tis a proud, free people calling loud
  To people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
  We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
  The tale of an ancient wrong,

And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong.'"

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man.
And loyally love and trust each other,
As none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
And wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we train,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain.
For you are lords of a strong young land,
And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
"We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong."

Alfred Austin, Poet-Laureate of England.

CHRISTMAS

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek isles of the yellow-bird's song,
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow-birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles, they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star,
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore.

Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps, they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content;
Lo, these are the isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament.

Lo, Duty and Love and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the dust;
Lo, Duty and Love and a sweet babe's smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

By permission
Whittaker, Ray, Wiggins & Co.

Joaquin Miller.

THE DISCOVERER

I have a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has travelled whither
A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:
"Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."
—With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell

How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound?
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside this severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of thrice three thousand years,
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach,—
And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be
To mortal hearers told.

E. C. Stedman.

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BEAUTIFUL SNOW

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with everyone.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!

How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye,
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by:
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

. . . . . .

John W. Watson.

TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA

Of course what we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of a man of whom America can really be proud. In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard.

Theodore Roosevelt.

APOSTROPHE TO JESUS

Repose now in thy glory, noble founder. Thy work is finished; thy divinity is established. Fear no more to see the edifice of thy labors fall by any fault. Henceforth beyond the reach of frailty, thou shalt witness from the heights of divine peace, the infinite results of thy acts. At the price of a few hours of suffering, which did not even reach thy grand soul, thou hast bought the most complete immortality. For thousands of years the world will depend on thee: Banner of our contests, thou shalt be the standard about which the hottest battle will be given. A thousand times more alive, a thousand times more beloved, since thy death than during thy passage here below, thou shalt become the corner-stone of humanity so entirely, that to tear thy name from this world would be to rend it to its foundations. Between thee and God, there will be no longer any distinction; complete conqueror of death, take possession of thy Kingdom, whither shall follow thee, by the royal road which thou hast traced, ages of worshippers.

Ernest Renan.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day:—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—

Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the widening rivers be red;
Our anger is banished forever
When are laureled the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears, for the Blue;
Tears and love, for the Gray.

F. M. Finch.

THE CONQUEROR

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows; he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

Emil Carl Aurin.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S VACATION

"I have taken my last order. I am going home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance and whispered:

"His mind wanders."

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow. "Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again—babbled of fishing streams where the trout played—of school hours and romps with his mates. At twelve he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he called in a strong voice, "I'm ready!"

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand on him and he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes me out. The House has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time—time—time!"

He drowsed off and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes to me here. Dear girl, she never disappointed me yet—and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell—I promised to be home Christmas—I promised to be home—promised—"

He slept again and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the House yet?"

He was going fast now. The doctor bent over him and repeated in a comforting voice the precious words of promise:

"In my Father's House are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes—yes," said the dying traveler faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good House to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morning dawned—the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

"I've changed my route," he murmured faintly. "The house is calling me in—write to Ellen and the children that I'm—on—my—way—Home—it's in my sample case—without money and without price—a good House—fills all its orders as agreed. Call me for the first train—I am going to make the round trip and get Home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone Home for Christmas.

Detroit Free Press.

PLAYING HOOKEY

I remember when in boyhood,
Just a step advanced from toyhood,
When in through the schoolroom window floated sweet
the wild birds' call,

I would close my desk at dinner
Like a hardened little sinner,
And the afternooning found me playing hookey from it all.

What to us the far-off sorrow
Of the whipping on the morrow,
For the day seemed all the future—'twas a hundred hours long,
And each hour we were enjoying
By the wood and pool—just boying,
While the wild birds caught our laughing tones and wove them into song.

And today a robin twittered
Through the window and my littered
Desk became the ink-bespattered one my school days used to know,
When the voice of summer crying
And some voice in me replying
To its very note and echo—and some yearning bade me go.

But a sterner duty fetters
Me to these unanswered letters
While through half-opened shutters the wild birds cry and call,
And I'm wishing, wishing, wishing,
I might steal off somewhere, fishing,
Lock up every care and worry—just play hookey from it all.

New York Times.

THE FAMILY MEETING

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!
Tonight let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour.
We're all—all here.

. . . . . .

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

Charles Sprague.

BLAIR, THE REGULAR

(An incident of the Battle of San Juan, July 1, 1898)

Blair, the regular, wounded lay
On the slope of San Juan hill;
Near by were two of the volunteers,
Bleeding and faint and still;
And farther up, in a palm-tree hid,
A Spaniard with deadly gun
Took cruel aim at the men below,
Dropping them one by one.

One volunteer, with a feeble hand,
Fought with the plaguing flies;
It told the fact of lingering life
To the Spaniard's watchful eyes.
He raised his gun to his shoulder then,
And a bullet sang afar;
It hit the hat of the wounded man,
Who lay on the left of Blair.

Another! The boy on the right hand winced,
And uttered a moan of pain;
Another! Blair looked at his reddened blouse
And muttered, "I'm hit again,
But there's one more load in my old gun"—
His brow grew black with a frown—
"And I vow I'll shoot that Spanish brute,
Who fires on men that are down."

Weak were his hands as he raised his gun,
But steady his eye and aim;
Soon, round the trunk of the shielding palm,
The head of the Spaniard came.
Then up from the slope the Springfield spoke
And answered the Mauser well;
Blair, the regular, grimly smiled
As the Spaniard shrieked and fell.

The volunteer who lay on the left
Moaned "Water!" again and again.
Said Blair, "By making a double-quick
I may capture a full canteen."
So, firmly shutting his whitening lips,
He crept where the Spaniard lay,
Secured the prize and crawled slowly back;—
Ah, painful and long seemed the way!

"You first," said both of the volunteers,
As he handed out the full canteen;
They saw his blood-stained blouse, and they knew
Right well what its cost had been;
Blair could but whisper to answer them,
One hand on his bleeding side,
"You fellows have homes somewhere," said he,
"I'm a regular." Then he died.

Sidney of England, make room! Make room
In thy niche of courtly fame,
While side by side with thine own we write
Another nobleman's name!

Blair, the regular! Homeless no more
Since thy death's heroic day.
Thy name and the fame of thy gallant deed
Are homed in our hearts for aye.

Ida Reed Smith.

FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of music, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark; whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have spots concealed, world without end)
Whose touching his heartstrings would play or rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it. *Anon.*

THE PARTING OF LEE AND HIS GENERALS

The final parting was in front of Lee's mansion in Richmond, two days after Appomattox. Lee's house was an ordinary square brick, standing alone on Franklin Street, one square from the Capitol. All the other houses on the square are connected.

Upon the afternoon of the second day after the surrender, people in that vicinity were surprised to see come riding up the street from the south a company of Confederate horsemen. They were unarmed, their gray uniforms were worn, soiled and often tattered, their trappings old and patched, they wore slouch hats, and here and there was a feather remaining of the once smart and jaunty drooping plume of the Confederate Cavalrymen. They were bronzed, browned and bearded. They sat erect and came on with the splendid horsemanship for which they were noted. Upon the collars of some of the gray jackets could still be seen the faded and tarnished gilt stars, the emblems of the wearer's rank.

In front of them rode Lee. His two hands held the loosely swinging reins and rested upon the pommel. His head was bent and his eyes were looking straight ahead from under his downcast brow, but they seemed to see nothing.

As the troops cantered up to his old home his horse stopped at the gate and he aroused himself suddenly, as from a dream, and cast his eyes upon the familiar windows, and then around over the group of gallant

soldiers who had followed his fortunes for four bloody years and gone down in defeat under his banner.

The end of it all had come at last. He threw himself from his horse, and all of his companions followed his action. They stood, hat in hand, with an arm through the bridle rein, while Lee went from man to man, grasping each hand, looking intently into each face, as though he would impress it upon his memory forever. Then he turned and walked through the gate and up the steps to his door. As a servant opened the door he paused, with his left foot upon the veranda, his right upon the last step, and looked back for the last time. Not a word had been spoken, not a good-bye uttered. There was no sound heard but that of sobs, as these unkempt and grizzled heroes of a hundred battles leaned their heads against the shoulders of their horses and wept.

Lee gave one look and broke down at last. His hands were over his eyes, his frame shook with sobs, as he turned quickly and disappeared into his lonely house.

With the closing of the door behind him ended forever the dream of the Southern Confederacy.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a white life; for doing your level best; for your faith in humanity; for being kind to the poor; for looking before leaping; for hearing before judging; for being candid and frank; for thinking before speaking.

Anon.

THE CHILDLESS

From the calm, almost stern face, you would have mentally measured him as a man devoid of emotion. In the lines about his mouth; in the squareness of his jaw; in the way his eyelids narrowed at times, he showed poise. There was a suggestion of gray about his temples and a promise of additional avoirdupois about his waist in the near future; but, somehow, I knew he would grow old with dignity. And when the time came for the last card to be played in the Great Game, he would accept either defeat or success as calmly as he turned homeward now.

A woman awaited his home-coming: a gentle, sweet-faced fatalist, with a constant longing in her eyes that hurt him ever to see. For many years they had gone the way together; the twain, no more. At first, life had swung them further apart, through a mutual disappointment, and now, closer together by the same compelling force. (I question whether adversity's uses are really sweet enough to balance the pain; but there is no avoiding them and through her sorrow he had taught himself to hide, if he could not bury, his own.)

At the corner there came upon him, breathless, bubbling with health, a tiny ragamuffin, soiled face, hands and clothes, but the embodiment of joy. Arms outstretched, head back, eyes almost closed, the child blew into the grave man's arms, like a wind-driven bird, athrob with life. The grave, immaculately clad man hesitated, stooped, picked up the tiny stranger

from another strata of life, and suddenly kissed the sticky lips and cheeks and hair hungrily—hungrily!

The baby, awake to his mistake, kicked himself out of the arms that held him so awkwardly—and was gone. The grave man, his chin a bit lower, turned homeward.

Sometimes it seems as if Fate were blindfold rather than consciously cruel. I wonder—I wonder.

Cincinnati Times Star.

FATE

Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being; and have no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck; defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act to this one end
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that, should one turn
Ever so little space, to right or left,
They needs must stand acknowledged, face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and that is fate.

Susan Marr Spaulding.

MA'S TOOLS

At home it seems to be the rule
Pa never has "the proper tool"
Or knack to fix things. For the stunt
That stumps ma, though, you'll have to hunt.

The caster on the table leg
Fell out. Pa said a wooden peg
Would fix it up. But ma kep' mum
An' fixed it with a wad of gum.

We could scarce open our front door,
It stuck so tight. An' pa, he swore
He'd "buy a plane" as big as life—
Ma fixed it with the carving knife.

The bureau drawer got stuck one day,
An', push or pull, 'twas there to stay.
Says pa, "Some day 'twill *shrink*, I hope."
Ma *fixed* it with a piece of soap.

The window-shade got out of whack,
'Twould not pull down, nor yet roll back.
Pa says, "No one can fix *that* thing."
Ma fixed it with a piece of string.

I broke the stove-door hinge one day.
('Twas cracked before, though, anyway.)
Pa said we'd put a new door in.
Ma grabbed her hair an' got a pin.

The bath-tub drain got all clogged up.
Pa bailed the tub out with a cup—
He had a dreadful helpless look.
Ma cleaned it with a crochet-hook.

One day our old clock wouldn't start.
Pa said he'd take it all apart
Some day an' fix the ol' machine.
Ma soused the works in gasoline.

The garden-gate latch broke one day,
Cows ate our sweet corn up. An', say,
Pa scolded like a house afire!
Ma fixed the latch up with hay wire.

So when my things gets out of fix
Do I ask pa to mend 'em? Nix!
But ma just grabs what's near at hand
An' togs things up to beat the band.

Anon.

THE ONE

I knew his face the moment that he passed
  Triumphant in the thoughtless, cruel throng—
Triumphant, though the tired, quiet eyes
  Showed that his soul had suffered overlong.
And though across his brow faint lines of care
Were etched, somewhat of Youth still lingered there.
I gently touched his arm—he smiled at me—
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

Where I had failed, he'd won from life Success;
Where I had stumbled, with sure feet he stood;
Alike—yet unalike—we faced the world,
And through the stress he found that life was good.
And I? The bitter wormwood in the glass,
The shadowed way along which failures pass!
Yet as I saw him thus, joy came to me—
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

I knew him! And I knew he knew me for
The man he might have been. Then did his soul
Thank silently the gods that gave him strength
To win, while I so sorely missed the goal?
He turned, and quickly in his own firm hand
He took my own—the gulf of Failure spanned. . . .
And that was all—strong, self-reliant, free,
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

We did not speak. But in his sapient eyes
I saw the spirit that had urged him on,
The courage that had held him through the fight
Had once been mine. I thought, "Can it be gone?"
He felt that unasked question—felt it so
His pale lips formed the one-word answer, "No!"

. . . . . .

Too late to win? No! Not too late for me—
He is the Man that Still I Meant to Be!

Cincinnati Times-Star.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven,
  How the little white angel, May,
Sat ever beside the portal
  Sorrowing all the day.
How she said to the stately warden—
  He of the golden bar—
"O angel, sweet angel, I pray you,
  Let the beautiful gates ajar!
Only a little, I pray you,
  Let the beautiful gates ajar."

"I can hear my dear mother there, weeping;
  She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
  Since the gates closed after me.
One gleam of the golden splendor,
  O warden, would shine so far."
But the angel whispered, "I dare not
  Let the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low as he answered, "I dare not
  Let the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary, the blessed,
  Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
  She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Then turned was the key in the portal,
  Fell ringing the golden bar;

And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates, ajar!
Yes, lo! in the child's angel fingers,
Stood the heavenly gates ajar.

"And this key for no further using,
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar.
Safe hid in the dear Christ's bosom
And the gates forever ajar.

Helen L. Bostwick.

HYMN OF WORLD PEACE

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.

Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come, victories of peace,
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,
  Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea, and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
  Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green
With bonds of peace serene
  And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear land we love,
  Both east and west.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
  Blessing and blest.

Prof. George Huntington.

INDECISION

The sun rose; it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities, and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight upon him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

A LAST WILL

He was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon. He intended to have his will drawn.

A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction, he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the still unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wantoned about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away.

Half idly, half thoughtfully, the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy at school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN: I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory [he lingered on the word memory], do now make and publish this, my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in order, as justly

as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

"My right to live, it being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"ITEM—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"ITEM—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon-flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the right thereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose

a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"Item—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises: and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs; and I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all the pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any incumbrance of cares.

"Item—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, of aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item—To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and

of possessing companions: and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

"ITEM—And to those who are no longer children or youths, or lovers, or young men, I leave a memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution: and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is."

Williston Fish.

A HAPPY DAY

A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer.

A smile to greet the morning with;
A kind word as the key
To open the door and greet the day,
Whate'er it brings to thee.

A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way,
All these combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.

Christian Advocate.

MIZPAH

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me"
This is my prayer,
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine may be;
If mine shall be through parching sands
And thine beside the sea.
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
So never fear.
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine,
And my lot lowly be;
Or you be sad and sorrowful
And glory be for me.
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
Both be His care.
One arm round thee, and one round me
Will keep us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
But since this may not be,

I'll leave thee to the care of Him
  Who cares for thee and me.
"I'll keep you both beneath my wings"—
  This comforts, dear,
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me.
  So we are near.

And though our paths be separate
  And thy way is not mine,
Yet, coming to the mercy seat,
  My soul will meet with thine.
And, "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."
  I'll whisper here,
He blesseth thee, He blesseth me,
  And we are near. *Julia A. Baker.*

THE RESPONSIVE CHORD

In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank would play "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other National air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would

cheer most lustily, and then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with an old "Confederate yell." But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes, which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home, Sweet Home."

At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout *from both sides of the river*—cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim.

A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies *then*—could beat in unison; and, on both sides of the river,

Something down the soldiers' cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

J. William Jones.

BEING CONTENT

As God leads, I am content,
  He will take care,
All things by His will are sent,
  That I must bear,
To Him I take my fear,
My wishes, while I'm here,
The way will all seem clear,
  When I am "There."

Anon.

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father," once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy!—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

BURY YOUR WRONGS

In the very depths of yourself dig a grave. Let it be like some forgotten spot to which no path leads; and there, in the eternal silence, bury the wrongs that you have suffered. Your heart will feel as if a weight had fallen from it, and a divine peace come to abide with you.

Charles Wagner.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

Read at the Lotos Club dinner to Whitelaw Reid

The youngest of the nations,
Grown stalwart in the West,
Yearns back to where each morning
Glows o'er the ocean's crest,
And cries: "O Mother Country,
Ours is your ancient pride,
And, whate'er may befall you,
Our place is at your side."

"Ours are the old traditions
Of Saxon and of Kelt;
We visit rare Westminster,
And kneel where you have knelt.
Your restful country places,
Hills, lakes, and London town—
Their memories we inherit
And share in their renown.

"Your Avon is our Avon;
Song knows no border line;
The stars their radiance mingle
Which in one heaven shine.
Within your 'Poet's Corner'
Longfellow's gentle grace
With all the august shadows
Is given a welcome place.

"Your mighty men of science
Who've made the world anew,
Transforming earth and heaven,
Wrought not alone for you.
From Newton up to Darwin
Each from his truth-built throne,
Nods greeting to our homage—
We claim them for our own.

'You fought the fight for freedom
And taught mankind the creed;
Long ere our 'Declaration,'
There was a Runnymede.
We won at Appomattox,
But you had won before;
Our Bunker Hill and Yorktown
Look back to Marston Moor—

"Our Washington and Lincoln
Were of your sturdy stock—
Cut out of Milton's quarry,
One piece with Cromwell's rock.
Our Pilgrims learned the lesson
That English means the free,
And through the wintry weather
They brought it over sea.

. . . . . .

"Then let this glorious vision
Along our pathway gleam

As up the future leads us
The Seer's, the Poet's dream.
One race and one tradition,
English, American.
And one high inspiration—
The destiny of man!"

M. J. Savage.

UNHEARD

All things are wrought of melody,
Unheard, yet full of speaking spells;
Within the rock, within the tree,
A soul of music dwells.

To harmony all growth is set;
Each seed is but a music note,
From which each plant, each violet
Evolves its purple note.

Compact of melody, the rose
Woos the soft wind with strain on strain
Of crimson; and the lily blows
Its white stars to the rain.

The trees are pæans, and the grass
One long, green fugue, beneath the sun;
Song is his life, and all shall pass,
Shall cease when song is done.

Madison Cawein.

PACE IMPLORA

Better it were to sit still by the sea,
  Loving somebody and satisfied;
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,
To anchor you down for all your days,
Than wander and wander in all these ways,
  Land forgotten and love denied.

Better sit still where born, I say,
  Wed one sweet woman and love her well,
Laugh with your neighbors, live in their way,
  Be it ever so simple. The humbler the home
The nobler, indeed, to bear your part.
Love and be loved with all your heart,
Drink sweet waters and live in a spell,
  Share your delights and divide your tears;
Love and be loved in the old east way,
  Ere men knew madness and came to roam
From the west to the east and the whole world wide—
When they lived where their fathers lived and died—
  Lived and so loved for a thousand years.

Better it were for the world, I say—
  Better, indeed, for man's own good—
That he should sit down where he was born,
Be it land of sands or of oil and corn,
Valley of poppies or bleak northland,
  White sea border or great black wood,
Or bleak white winter or bland sweet May,
Or city of smoke or plain of the sun,
Than wander the world as I have done. *Anon.*

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE

"The snow is deep," the Justice said;
"There's mighty mischief overhead."
"High talk, indeed!" his wife exclaimed;
"What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?"
The Justice, laughing, said, "Oh, no!
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear,
I'll mount the barn, the roof to clear."
"No!" said the wife; "the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured?
Stephen, your life is not insured.

"But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound."
"I will," said he. "Now for the roof,
All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
Excelsior! Excel— But no!
The rope is not secured below!"
Said Rachel, "Climb the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist."
"Well, every woman to her taste;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied;

But lest the bond should break in twain,
I'll have it fastened once again."

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground.
While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge,
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just-half way down the Justice hung:
Just-half way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 't is
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life."
She shouted, "Don't! 't would be my death;

I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call,
With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phe-e-be* Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting sewing snug and warm;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
"If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go;
He cannot miss the pile of snow."
He sees her moving toward his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
You make me fall too far, by half!"
But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
"Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight!"
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When lo! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro;
They look around, above, below;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope,—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow;
What's this! A hat! Ah! he's below.
Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style,
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise. *Anon.*

GRIEF AND JOY

It takes two for a kiss,
  Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
  One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
  Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
  Gethsemane had one.

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

QUATRAINS FROM OMAR KHAYYÁM

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
  Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
  At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

And those who husbanded the Golden grain
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain
  Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
  How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
  And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
Today of past Regrets and Future Fears:
Tomorrow!—Why, Tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust unto Dust, and unto Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,

And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side. . . .

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for one in vain!

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

From translation by Edward Fitzgerald.

A LITTLE

A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and
So good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and
So, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and
So, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing—and
So, good-bye!

Du Maurier.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears,
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.

"And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her
old age,
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage,
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad
and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-
fast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to
die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's
sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister: in the happy days gone
by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled
in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning,
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning;

"Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be
risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine
On the vineclad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed
to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and
clear,
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm
and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with
friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remem-
bered walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak—
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

Caroline Norton.

INFECTION

A baby smiled in its mother's face;
The mother caught it, and gave it then
To the baby's father—serious case—
Who carried it out to the other men;
And every one of them went straight away
Scattering sunshine thro' the day.

Louis de Louk.

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

Oft, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eye around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals show;
The red light is a danger light;
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short tonight;
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lamps are white.

Cy Warman.

From "Songs of Cy Warman."
By permission Rand-Avery Co., Publishers.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

There can be nothing sadder than the solemn hush of nature that precedes the death of the year. The golden glory of Autumn, with the billowy bronze and velvet azure of the skies above the royal robe of oak and maple, bespeak the closing hour of nature's teeming life, and the silent farewell to humanity's gauze underwear.

Thus, while nature dons her regal robes of scarlet and gold, in honor of the farewell benefit to autumn, the sad-eyed poet steals swiftly away to the neighboring clothesline, and in the hour of nature's grand blow-out dons the flaming flannels of his friend out of respect for the hectic flush of the dying year.

Leaves have their time to fall, and so has the price of coal. And yet how sadly at variance with decaying nature is the robust coal market.

Another glorious summer with its wealth of pleasant memories is stored away among the archives of our history. Another gloomy winter is upon us. These wonderful colors that flame across the softened sky of Indian Summer like the gory banner of a royal conqueror come but to warn us that in a few short weeks the water-pipe will be "busted" in the kitchen, and the decorated wash-bowl will be broken.

We flit through the dreamy hours of summer like swift-winged bumble bees amid the honeysuckle and pumpkin blossoms, storing away perhaps a little glucose honey and buckwheat pancakes for the future; but all

at once, like a newspaper thief in the night, the king of frost and ripe, mellow chilblains *is* upon us, and we crouch beneath the wintry blast, and hump our spinal column up into the crisp air like a Texas steer that has thoughtlessly swallowed a raw cactus.

Life is one continued round of alternate joys and sorrows. Today we are on the top wave of prosperity, and warming ourselves in the glad sunlight of plenty, and tomorrow we are cast down and depressed financially, and have to stand up the washerwoman for our clean shirt or stay at home from the opera.

The October sky already frowns down upon us, and its frozen tears begin to fall. The little birds have hushed their little lay. So have the fatigued hens. Only a little while and the yawning chasm in the cold, calm features of the Thanksgiving turkey will be filled with voluptuous stuffing and then sewed up. The florid features of the polygamous gobbler will be wrapped in sadness, and cranberry pie will be a burden, for the veal cutlet goeth to its long home, and the ice-cream freezer is broken in the wood-house.

O time! thou bald-headed pelican with the venerable corn-cutter and the second-hand hourglass, thou playest strange pranks upon the children of men. No one would think, to look at thy bilious countenance and store teeth, that in thy bony bosom lurked such eccentric schemes.

The chubby boy, whose danger-signal hangs sadly through the lattice-work of his pants, knows that Time, who waits for no man, will one day, if he struggles

heroically on, give him knowledge and suspenders, and a solid girl, and experience, and a soft white moustache, and eventually a low grave in the valley, beneath the sighing elms and the weeping willow, where, in the misty twilight of the year, noiselessly upon his breast shall fall the dead leaf, while the silent tear of the gray autumnal sky will come and sink into the yellow grass above his head.

Bill Nye.

By permission.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY

J. J. Crittenden, Kentucky's most eminent lawyer sixty years ago, it was said, never lost a case he pleaded before a jury.

In defense of a poor person of feeble mind he used the following allegory:

"When God conceived the plan of creating man he called the three angels that waited on His throne, Justice, Truth and Mercy, and said, 'Shall we make man?'

"Justice said, 'Make him not, O God, he will trample upon thy laws.' Truth also answered, 'Make him not, O God, he will pollute your sanctuaries.' Mercy, kneeling and looking up through her tears, said, 'Make him, O God, and I will watch over him in the dark hours of his life.'

"So God made man and said, 'O Man, thou art the child of Mercy; go out and live with thy brother.'"

Portland, (Me.) Transcript, 1851.

THE BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes of blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

George MacDonald.

A BOY I KNOW

He's not a witty boy, nor wise,
  He has not much of outward grace;
And yet the sparkle of his eyes,
  The morning sunshine of his face,
Oft make a little glow of cheer,
Whenever he is passing near.

I hear his whistle up the street,
  I hear his merry laugh ring out;
I hear the rush of sturdy feet,
  I hear his free and boyish shout—
And then I smile and straight forget
My newest care, my latest fret.

His hands are rough, but they are strong,
  And never have been known to shirk;
And blithe and cheery is the song
  He hums when at his daily work;
For any task seems well worth while
To him who takes it with a smile.

Those hands are very tender, too,
  And gentle with the maimed and weak,
And oft a kindly service do
  Of which the boy will never speak·
God bless this modest, manly boy,
Who makes all duty but a joy!

And when he reaches man's estate,
  God keep him good and sweet as now,

For then no adverse stroke of fate
Shall cloud that fair and open brow;
The manly boy can only grow
To manly manhood—this I know!

Anon.

SHUT IN

Shut in, God knoweth why,
That days and weeks and months pass by
And still, shut in.

The busy rush of life goes on,
The New Year comes, the Old Year gone,
And still, shut in.

Shut in, still there comes love,
And peace, and joy down from above,
While thus shut in.

Flowers, fruits and books
From friends so true,
And letters, papers, bright and new,
For me, shut in.

Shut in; so may it be,
Until the hour He saith to me
"It is enough—go forth to service with thy might,
Either in earthly ways or fields of light,
No more shut in!"

Arranged from poem of Sarah M. Dunham.

WHO MARCHES NEXT MEMORIAL DAY?

Who marches next Memorial Day?
Speak up, brave comrades: let men say
"The Post turns out in force this year"—
Grant's veterans, Sherman's infantry,
Sheridan's tireless cavalry,
Farragut's sea-dogs without peer;
Tireless and fearless in the past,
Bear yourselves proudly to the last,
Though years fly fast and death draws near.

Who'll bear the dear old Flag—the bright
Tri-colored banner, red and white
As sunset's glory, spotless snow,
On whose broad field of heavenly blue
The golden stars of statehood true
Like bivouac fires divinely glow?
'Tis but a wisp of silk: the staff
Light as a boy's slight wand. You laugh—
They seemed so, forty years ago.

Not the old colonel tried and true,
Nor his stout major; in review
Or march they'll lead us nevermore.
Some captain brave, lieutenant gay,
Or sergeant proved in march and fray,
Succeeds to the command they bore:
When, waking from the spell of peace,
In memories proud we felt surcease
Of pain and donned the blue once more.

Whom shall we greet Memorial Day?
Old friends, and old foes too, for they
  Fought as befits men of our race,
Against all odds and sturdily;
No braver men on earth there be
  Than those who met us face to face,
Until at Appomattox Ford
Grant scorned to take Lee's stainless sword.
  God send them all His gifts and grace.

Whom shall we miss Memorial Day?
Well is it that long years allay
  The burdens of the laboring heart
In joy or sorrow, for the list
Is long of loved ones we have missed
  From camp and banquet, field and mart:
In ancient foray, field or fray,
And peaceful deathbeds passed away,
  They from our hearts were torn apart.

What shall we say Memorial Day?
That we tread fearlessly the way
  From Manhood's prime to Age's frost;
As in the grand, grim past we trod
The wine-press of the Wrath of God
  Regardless of the pain or cost;
That still we prize o'er wealth and power
Our fatherland, and Freedom's dower,
  For which such precious lives were lost.

Charles Winslow Hall.

CUDDLE DOON

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
  Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues;
  Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak.
  I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
  He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
  The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
  They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
  "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
  Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance;
  He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks;
  He'd bother half the toon.
But aye I hap them up, and cry,
  "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit;
  An', as he steeks the door,

They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Alexander Anderson.

LOST

A precious moment set with golden opportunities. No reward offered, for it is lost forever.

Anon.

WHAT IS A BABY?

A two-guinea prize for "The best definition of a baby" has been awarded by London *Tid-Bits* to Miss Nellie Braidwood of Girvan, England, who sent in this answer:

"A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred lap of motherhood."

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

The bachelor's horror, the mother's treasure, and the despotic tyrant of the most republican household.

A human flower untouched by the finger of care.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

The magic spell by which the gods transform a house into a home.

A stranger with unspeakable cheek that enters a house without a stitch to his back and is received with open arms by everyone.

A bursting bud on the tree of life.

The only precious possession that never excites envy.

The latest edition of humanity of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries who speaks the language of none.

The unconscious mediator between father and mother and the focus of their hearts.

About twenty-two inches of coo and wriggle, writhe

and scream, filled with suction and testing apparatus for milk, and automatic alarm to regulate supply.

A quaint little craft called Innocence, laden with simplicity and love.

A curious bud of uncertain blossom.

A thing we are expected to kiss, and look as if we enjoyed it.

The smartest little craft afloat in home's delightful bay.

A mite of humanity that will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat won't let him pull her tail.

A little stranger, with a free pass to the heart's best affections.

The most extensive employer of female labor.

The pupil from which the leaves of life's book are made.

A padlock on the chain of love.

A soft bundle of love and trouble which we cannot do without.

It's a sweet and tiny treasure,
A torment and a tease.
It's an autocrat, an anarchist,
Two awful things to please.
It's a rest and peace disturber,
With little laughing ways
It's a wailing human night alarm,
And terror of your days.

A necessity—in order to keep up the supply of readers in the future.

The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to give wings to.

A pleasure to two, a nuisance to every other body and a necessity of the world.

An inhabitant of Lapland.

That which makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, clothes shabbier, the past forgotten, the future brighter.

A SONG FOR APRIL

It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
  And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
  A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining violets.

By permission. *Robert Loveman.*

ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

Lowell.

By permission
Houghton Mifflin Company.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
  While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
  Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
  Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
  Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
  O men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
  A shroud as well as a shirt!

"But why do I talk of Death,
  That Phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
  Because of the fast I keep:
O God! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
  My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread, and rags.
A shattered roof—and this naked floor—
  A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
  From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
  As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves,
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,

A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
  She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

Thomas Hood.

MUD PIES

Down in a little back garden,
  Under a sunny sky,
We made mud pies together—
  My little sweetheart and I.
Stained was the little pink apron,
  Muddy the jacket blue,
As we stirred and mixed and tasted,
  Out in the sun and dew.

Why do I dream of that garden,
  I who am old and wise?
Why am I longing, longing,
  For one of those old mud pies?
Oh, for the little pink apron,
  Oh, for the jacket blue,
For the blessed faith of childhood
  When make-believes are true.

Florence A. Jones.

DADDY KNOWS

Let us dry our tears now, laddie,
  Let us put aside our woes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
  For I'm sure that daddy knows.
Let us take him what we've broken,
  Be it heart or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken,
  For he used to be a boy.

He has been through all the sorrows
  Of a lad at nine or ten;
He has seen the dawn of morrows
  When the sun shone bright again;
His own heart has been near breaking,
  Oh, more times than I can tell,
And has often known the aching
  That a boy's heart knows so well.

I am sure he well remembers,
  In his calendar of days,
When the boy-heart was December's,
  Though the sun and flowers were May's.
He has lived a boy's life, laddie,
  And he knows just how it goes;
Let us go and talk to daddy,
  For I'm sure that daddy knows.

Let us tell him all about it,
  How the sting of it is there,

And I have not any doubt it
Will be easier to bear;
For he's trodden every byway,
He has fathomed every joy,
He has traveled every highway
In the wide world of a boy.

He will put aside the worries
That his day may follow through,
For the great heart of him hurries
At the call of help from you.
He will help us mend the broken
Heart of ours or hope or toy,
And the tale may bide unspoken—
For he used to be a boy.

By permission. *J. W. Foley.*

BECAUSE OF SOME GOOD ACT

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today.

Anon.

THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED

Tread softly—bow the head—in reverent silence bow.
No passing bell doth toll; yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great, with lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—one by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof, lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend; enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold no smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands, lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—an infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again that short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O change—O wondrous change! Burst are the prison bars;
This moment there, so low, so agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change—stupendous change! There lies the soulless clod:
The sun eternal breaks—the new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Caroline Anne Bowles.

THE DROWNING SINGER

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And they hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air;
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.

Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! When next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, tossed by the waves,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save,
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing "Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll!"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past."
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah, leave me not!" The singer dropped into the tossing sea.
And the watchers, looking homeward, through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

Selected.

"All one's life is Music, if one touched the notes rightly and in tune."

Ruskin.

THE MOTHERLOOK

You take th' finest woman, with th' roses in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a glowin' mass o' gold—
An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more th'n half way told.
There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' fun,
Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones she wants to shun.
In pleasure or in anger there is always han'someness,
But still there is a beauty that was surely made to bless—
A beauty that grows sweeter an' that all but glorifies—
Th' motherlook that sometime comes into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile, exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,
An' meltin' into sunshine when she bends above her boy
Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its dreams told in its face;
She smooths its hair, an' pets it as she lif's it to its place.
It leads all th' expressions, whether grave, or gay, or wise—
Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there was they'd have to paint
A picture of a woman mostly angel an' some saint,
An' make it still be human—an' they'd have to blend the whole.

There ain't a picture of it, for no one can paint a soul.
No one can paint th' glory comin' straight from Paradise—
Th' motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

From "The Trail to Boyland," copyright 1904.
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W. D. Nesbit.

DAD

Dad never had much to say;
Jogged along in his quiet way
Contentedly smoking his old dudeen
As he turned the soil to the golden sheen.
Used to say as he slapped the mare,
One horny hand in his tangled hair,
"Rest is joy when your work's well done,
So pitch in, son."

Sometimes he an' I'd not hitch;
Couldn't agree as to which was which.
Fought it out on the same old lines
As we grubbed an' hoed 'mong the runnin' vines;
And his eyes would light with a gentle quiz,
And he'd say in that old soft way of his.
As he idly stroked his wrinkled chin,
"All right, son, you win."

Dad was never no hand to fuss;
Used to hurt him to hear us cuss;
Kind o' settled in his old ways,
Born an' raised in the good old days

When a tattered coat hid a kindly heart,
An' the farm was home, not a toilin' mart,
An' a man was judged by his inward self;
Not his worldly pelf.

Seems like 'twas yesterday we sat
On the old back porch for a farewell chat
Ere I changed the farm and the simple life
For the city's roar an' bustle an' strife.
While I gaily talked of the city's charm
His eyes looked out o'er the fertile farm
An' he said as he rubbed where the hair was thin,
"All right, son, you win."

'Member the night I trudged back home,
Sinkin' deep in the fresh turned loam;
Sick an' sore for the dear old place,
Hungerin' most for a loved old face.
When I had climbed the hilltop o'er,
There stood dad in the kitchen door,
An' he says in a voice from deep within,
"Hello, son, come in."

One winter's day, the first of snow,
He went the way that we all must go;
An' his spirit soared to the realms above
On the wings of a simple-hearted love.
An' I know that when I cross the bar
I'll find him there by the gates ajar,
An' he'll say, as he idly strokes his chin,
"Hello, son, come in."

William Edward Ross.

THE TRAVELLING MAN

Could I pour out the nectar the gods only can,
I would fill up my glass to the brim
And drink the success of the Travelling Man,
And the house represented by him;
And could I but tincture the glorious draught
With his smiles, as I drank to him then,
And the jokes he has told and the laughs he has laughed,
I would fill up the goblet again—

And drink to the sweetheart who gave him good-bye
With a tenderness thrilling him this
Very hour, as he thinks of the tear in her eye
That salted the sweet of her kiss;
To her truest of hearts and her fairest of hands
I would drink, with all serious prayers,
Since the heart she must trust is a Travelling Man's,
And as warm as the ulster he wears.

I would drink to the wife, with the babe on her knee,
Who awaits his returning in vain—
Who breaks his brave letters so tremulously
And reads them again and again!
And I'd drink to the feeble old mother who sits
At the warm fireside of her son
And murmurs and weeps o'er the stocking she knits,
As she thinks of the wandering one.
I would drink a long life and a health to the friends
Who have met him with smiles and with cheer—
To the generous hand that the landlord extends
To the wayfarer journeying here:

And I pledge, when he turns from this earthly abode
And pays the last fare that he can,
Mine Host of the Inn at the End of the Road
Will welcome the Travelling Man!

James Whitcomb Riley.

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DAD'S OLD BREECHES

When dad has worn his trousers out,
They pass to brother John.
Then mother trims them round about,
And William puts them on.

When William's legs too long have grown,
The trousers fail to hide 'em,
So Walter claims them for his own
And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest,
And, when they won't stretch tighter,
They're turned and shortened, washed and pressed
And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rugs and caps
When I have burst the stitches.
At doomsday we shall see (perhaps)
The last of dad's old breeches.

New York Weekly.

AN EVERY-DAY CREED

I *believe* in my job. It may not be a very important job, but it is *mine*. Furthermore, it is God's job for *me*. He has a purpose in my life with reference to His plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It isn't a big place, to be sure, but for years I have been molded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. In the end the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the chap whose name has been a household word in two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me—true to myself and to God, who intrusted me with it.

I *believe* in my fellow-man. He may not always agree with me. I'd feel sorry for him if he did, because I myself do not believe some of the things that were absolutely sure in my own mind a dozen years ago. May he never lose faith in himself, because, if he does, he may lose faith in me, and that would hurt him more than the former, and it would really hurt him more than it would hurt me.

I *believe* in my country. I believe in it because it is made up of my fellow-men—and myself. I can't go back on either of us and be true to my creed. If it isn't the best country in the world it is partly because I am not the kind of a man that I should be.

I *believe* in my home. It isn't a rich home. It wouldn't satisfy some folks, but it contains jewels which cannot be purchased in the markets of the world. When I enter its secret chambers, and shut out the world with its care, I am a lord. Its motto is Service, its reward is Love. There is no other spot in all the world which fills its place, and heaven can be only a larger home, with a Father who is all-wise and patient and tender.

I *believe* in today. It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of today fuller and freer. There is no assurance of tomorrow. I must make good today!

Reverend Charles Stelzle.

CALLING THE ROLL

"Corporal Greene!" the orderly cried:
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier standing near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.
"Cyrus Drew!" and a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man saw him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.
The fern on the slope was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,

Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
"Herbert Cline!' At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice said "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.
"Ephraim Deane!" Then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot. I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment, and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."
'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For the company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

Sheppard.

A VOCABULARIC DUEL

Turning the Tables

A Kentucky lawyer was standing on the steps of the Covington post-office the other day, when an old colored man came up and, touching his hat, asked:

"Kin you tell me, is dis de place where dey sells postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir; this is the place," replied the lawyer, seeing a chance for a little quiet fun; "but what do you want with postage stamps, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of course."

"Well, then, you needn't bother about stamps; you don't have to put any on this week."

"I don't?"

"No, sir."

"Why—for not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothenuse has differentiated the parallelogram so much that the consanguinity don't emulate the ordinary effervescence, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat, dubiously shook his head, and then with a long-drawn breath, slowly remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be true, an' I don't say it ain't; but just sposen dat de ecksentricity of de aggregation tarnsubstanshuates de ignominiousness of de puppindickeler and sublimites de puspicuity of de consequences—don't you qualificate dat de government

would confisticate dat dare letter? I guess I'd jest better put some stamps on anyhow, fer luck!"

And the old man passed solemnly down the street.

Cincinnati Commercial.

THE UNDER DOG

(Ben Butler's favorite poem)

I know that this world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or I'm right;
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right;
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said were better not said,
Or 'twere better I said it incog;
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here is luck to the bottom dog.

Anon.

BALLADE OF RICHES

What care I for the treasure isles
  Enskyed where purple oceans are?
I have the sunlight's golden smiles;
  I have the silvery gleam of star;
  Daily beside the pasture bar
The daisies flash me radiance free—
  Poets are rich, or near or far,
For wealth abides with poverty!

Roses have I for daily bread:
  Why should I crave a richer fare?
Who eats of beauty, he is fed;
  Who drinks a draught of sweet pure air,
  He has wine of a vintage rare.
Yea, naught have I but youth and glee,
  Yet always I have joy to spare—
For wealth abides with poverty!

Science shines like moon on the mind;
  The soul is thrall to starry art;
I covet not their cold unkind
  Splendor of death in whole or part.
  I have love in a true, pure heart,
And nevermore on land or sea
  Can summer from my life depart—
For wealth abides with poverty!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

MY KING

You are all that I have to live for—
All that I want to love,
All that the whole world holds for me
Of a faith in the world above!
You came—and it seemed too mighty
For my humble heart to hold;
It seemed, in its sacred glory,
Like a glimpse through the Gate of Gold,
Like life in the perennial Eden,
Created, formed anew—
This dream of perfect manhood
That I realize in you.

God created me a woman,
With a nature just as true
As the blue, eternal ocean—
As the sky that is over you,
And you are mine until your maker calls you—
Your soul and your body, sweet!
Your breath, and the whole of your being,
From your kingly head to your feet—
Your eyes, and the light that is in them—
Your lips, with their maddening wine—
Your arms, with their passionate clasp, my king—
Your body and soul are mine.

No power whatsoever,
No will but God's alone,
Can take you from my keeping;
You are his and mine alone!

I know not where, if ever—
I know not when or how
Death's hands may try the fetters
That bind us here and now;
But some day, when God beckons,
Where rise His fronded palms,
My soul shall cross the River
And lay you in His arms;
Forever and forever.
Beyond the Silent Sea,
You will rest in the Arms Eternal,
And still belong to me. *Boston Times.*

A PRAYER FOR EVENING

"Lord, receive our supplication for this house, family and country. Protect the innocent, restrain the greedy and the treacherous, lead us out of our tribulation into a quiet land.

"Look down upon ourselves and upon our absent dear ones. Help us and them, prolong our days in peace and honor. Give us health, food, bright weather and light hearts. In what we meditate of evil, frustrate our will; in what of good, further our endeavors. Cause injuries to be forgotten and benefits to be remembered.

"Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exultation. For His sake, in whose words we now conclude." *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"I'M GOING TO, ANYWAY"

When you've set your head to do it,
  When your judgment says you're right,
When your conscience gives its sanction,
  Then pitch in with all your might.
Don't let anything prevent you,
  Though the odds seem big and strong;
Every obstacle must vanish
  As the swift days roll along—
If you set your jaw and say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

While the whole world loves a lover,
  Yet it loves a winner best;
Loves the man who, till he conquer,
  Stops not e'en for sleep or rest.
Oft he may be worn and haggard,
  Often he may weary be;
Yet the lion heart within him
  Has been firm as rock since he
Set his quiet jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

Oh, the loose-hung jaws encountered
  In the course of but a day!
Oh, the lives devoid of purpose,
  That we find along the way!
They the weaklings are, who know not
  What strong faith and will may do;

Know not that the world's a servant
To the man who's game and true—
And who sets his jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

By permission. *S. W. Gillilan.*

THE BLESSED

1. And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:
2. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,
3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

The Bible.

HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY NO

Written by a devoted mother, to be given to her son upon his entrance into business.

You're starting today on life's journey,
Alone on the highway of life.
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There's danger wherever you go,
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

The siren's sweet smile may allure you,
Beware of her cunning and art.
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded and haste to depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Decked out in their tinsel and show.
Should you be invited to enter,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

Be careful in choosing companions,
Seek only the brave and the true;
And stand by your friends when in trial,
Ne'er changing the old for the new;
And when by false friends you are tempted,
The taste of the wine cup to know,
With firmness, with patience and kindness,
Have courage, my boy, to say no!

The bright sparkling wine may be offered,
No matter how tempting it be.
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy, have the courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you,
Their lights, how they dance to and fro;
You may be invited to enter,
Do have courage, my boy, to say no.

In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in your heavenly Father
Will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow.
But if you are true to your manhood,
You'll have courage, my boy, and say no.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride.
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering
Tick, tick, tick, tick.

His life-seconds numbering
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
It stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know
And to share both his grief and his joy,
For it struck twenty-four when he entered the door
With a blooming and beautiful bride,
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

My grandfather said of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found,
For it wasted no time and had but one desire—
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place—not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of night—
An alarm that for years had been dumb.
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight
That his hour for departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side;
But it stopped short—never to go again—
When the old man died.

Selected.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day,
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust in the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands, a signal of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;

Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."

Marie Lacost.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE

"A commonplace life," we say as we sigh.
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not.
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful Whole.

Anon.

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF A WOMAN'S LIFE

What's the happiest time of a woman's life?
Is it her schoolgirl days
When thoughts and hopes half-formed are rife
Amid her glad wild ways?
Ah! No, not then.
The happiest time is yet to come—but when?

What's the happiest time of a woman's life?
Is it her virgin prime,
When love awakes, ere she's a wife,
Is it that golden time?
Ah! No, not then.
A happier time is coming yet—but when?

What's the happiest time of a woman's life?
Is it her wedding day,
When vows are pledged, and as a wife
She's bound to him for aye?
Say, is it then?
Ah! No, not yet; the time is coming. When?

The happiest time of a woman's life?
Ah! It has come at last;
For, hark! I hear a little voice,
And footsteps toddling fast;
And the happiest hours, I know, are these,
When the children are playing about her knees.

Frances H. Lee.

ONWARD, UPWARD

This verse, addressed to the young gentlemen leaving Lenox Academy, Lenox, Massachusetts, was sent in by Mr. John Wanamaker as his favorite selection.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly;
Fail not for sorrow; falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Frances Anne Kemble.

SONNET

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

William Shakespeare.

HOMEWARD! THE EVENING COMES

THE PROVENCE HERD GIRL TO HER COWS

(Contributed by the Hon. James Bryce, English Ambassador)

The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

Ah dear! and where is he, a year agone,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
My sweetheart wanders far away from me
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
And through the vale the rains go sweeping by;
Ah me! and when in shelter shall we be?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind?

And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,

My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
And loud and louder roars the flood below.
Heigh-ho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!

Or shall he find before his term be sped
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
For weary is work, and weary day by day
To have your comfort miles on miles away.
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
And he, returning, see himself too late?
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
For work we must, and what we see, we see,
And God he knows, and what must be must be,
When sweethearts wander far away from me.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!

The sky behind is brightening up anew,
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie!)
The rain is ending, and our journeys too;
Heigh-ho! aha! for here at home are we:—
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie!

Arthur Hugh Clough.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER

"*Nein*" (pronounced *nine*) is the German for "*No.*"

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
  To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
  And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
  And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
  And civilly answered "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
  And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
  To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
  And civilly answered "*Nein!*"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
  And always answering 'Nine?' "
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
  The lady from over the Rhine.

John G. Saxe.

THE WILL AND THE WAY

The marriage ceremony of the Friends is unique. No minister or third party of any kind is required. The couple must marry themselves. All preliminary legal forms are complied with, and on the day appointed the marriage is solemnized in a public meeting in the presence of hundreds of witnesses. The bridal party is seated facing the main part of the audience, where for an hour they are the cynosure of perhaps a thousand curious, relentless eyes. When the "head" of the meeting announces that the time for the marriage has arrived, the groom and bride stand, join hands, and the man repeats this simple and impressive vow:

"Friends, in the presence of the Lord and before this assembly, I take A. B. to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto her a faithful and loving husband until death shall separate us."

With a proper change of name and pronoun, the same formula is spoken by the woman, and the ordeal is over.

The truth of the following story can be vouched for by more than one living witness, although it occurred many years ago.

An ancient beau, at the ripe age of threescore and ten, led his third bride to the altar. Twice had he glibly repeated the beautiful ceremony, but on the third occasion his memory failed him utterly. He began with confidence, "Friends, in the presence—" but could go no further. The promptings of the clerk seemed only

to add to his confusion. He repeated and stammered, and stammered and repeated, but the words would not come. Not to be defeated in the purpose of accomplishing his marriage, he finally arose to a supreme effort and found a tongue for the following improvised deliverance: "Friends, I love this woman, I'll be good to her, and I'll have her anyhow."

Linnaeus Roberts.

LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

Sincerity

To be sincere. To look Life in the eyes
With calm, undrooping gaze.
Always to mean
The high and truthful thing.
Never to screen
Behind the unmeant word, the sharp surprise
Of cunning, never tell the little lies
Of look or thought. Always to choose between
The true and small, the true and large, serene
And high above Life's cheap dishonesties.

The soul that steers by this unfading star
Needs never other compass. All the far
Wide waste shall blaze with guiding light, tho' rocks
And sirens meet and mock its straining gaze.
Secure from storms and all Life's battle-shocks
It shall not veer from any righteous ways.

Maurice Smiley.

THE KING'S PICTURE

"There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hi of perfection; some one place where—as we may fancy—the v is thin which hides the divinity behind it."—*Confucian Classics.*

The king from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff, the painter,
And spake with him thus apart;
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and wise and good;
Endowed with strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with grandeur
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And hung it in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The King, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,

Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb!
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market place;
But the smile which her curves transfigured
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, that in every form of the human,
Some hint of the highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the God within."

Helen B. Bostwick.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song:
Love that is too hot and strong
  Burneth soon to waste.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
  To be steadfast friend.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
  While that life endures:
Nay, and after death in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now when in my May of youth,
  This my love assures.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever,
Give to me that with true endeavor,
  I will it restore:
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers, that for me,

For the land or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

Anonymous, originally printed in 1569.

HE EDUCATED THE JUDGE

This anecdote is told of Chief Justice John Marshall. Returning one afternoon from his farm near Richmond, Virginia, to his home in that city, the hub of his wheel caught on a small sapling growing by the roadside. After striving unsuccessfully for some moments to extricate the wheel he heard the sound of an ax in the woods and saw a negro man approaching.

Hailing him, he said, "If you will get that ax and cut down this tree I'll give you a dollar."

"I c'n git yer by 'thout no ax, ef dat's all yer want."

"Yes, that's all," said the judge.

The man simply backed the horse until the wheel was clear of the sapling and then brought the vehicle safely around it.

"You don't charge a dollar for that, do you?" asked the astonished chief justice.

"No, massa; but it's wuf a dollar to learn some folks sense."

The darkey got his dollar without further questioning.

Atlanta Constitution.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal.

The art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand—much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory

moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling!

Again he felt and fumbled the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and, finding how matters stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones.

"You graceless whelp! What have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly

rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! O Lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor. In conclusion both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze, and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize-town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and, burning their fingers as Po-lo and his father had

done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy against the face of all the facts and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made the discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Charles Lamb.

Labor and trouble one can always get through alone, but it takes two to be glad.

Ibsen.

ONCE IN A WHILE

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold—
A joy that the world cannot defile—
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold
Once in a while.

By permission. *Nixon Waterman.*

COWBOY SONG

We are up in the morning ere dawning of day
And the grub wagon's busy and flapjacks in play;
While the herd is astir over hillside and swale
With the night-riders rounding them into the trail.

Come, take up your cinchas
And shake up your reins;
Come, wake up your broncho
And break for the plains;
Come roust those red steers from the long chaparral,
For the outfit is off for the railroad corral!

The sun circles upward, the steers as they plod
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod
And, it seems, as the dust turns you dizzy and sick
That you'll never reach noon and the cool, shady creek.

But tie up your kerchief
And ply up your nag;
Come, dry up your grumbles
And try not to lag;
Come, larrup those steers from the long chaparral,
For we're far on the way to the railroad corral!

The afternoon shadows are starting to lean
When the grub wagon sticks in a marshy ravine,
And the herd scatters further than vision can look,
For you bet all true punchers will help out the cook!

So shake out your rawhide
And snake it up fair;

Come, break your old broncho
To taking his share!
Come, now for the steers in the long chaparral,
For it's all in the drive to the railroad corral!

But the longest of days must reach evening at last,
When the hills are all climbed and the creeks are all passed
And the tired herd droops in the yellowing light;
Let them loaf if they will, for the railroad's in sight!

So flap up your holster
And snap up your belt;
Come, strap up the saddle
Whose lap you have felt;
Good-by to the steers and the long chaparral!
There's a town that's a trump by the railroad corral!

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Joseph Mills Hanson.

NIAGARA

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty. God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet, and he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally, bidding the lip of man keep
Silence, and on thy rocky altar pour
Incense of sweet praise.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

"EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY"

There appeared in the public prints many years ago a beautiful poem, the title of which, "Even This Shall Pass Away," coupled with the complete adaptability of the sentiment expressed to human life, rendered it immediately popular and doubtless into thousands of scrap books it went. All through the day, the week, the month, the year, we find ourselves beset with trouble, sorrow and care, and if at such times we could only reflect "Even This Shall Pass Away," how wonderfully lighter would our burden become. Then, too, in moments of revelry and gaiety, when all the world seems a vast flower garden and we have never a thought for the more serious side of our lives, what a reminder then would be the reflection "Even This Shall Pass Away."

Then, when in our home circle and our loved ones are gathered about us and there comes that quiet, peaceful hour when the fact of God's goodness in giving us such environments is forced upon us, what an incentive to greater kindness and gentleness there is in the same reflection, "Even This Shall Pass Away." Then all through life, in every period, under all circumstances, the sentiment "Even This Shall Pass Away." should enable us to so conduct ourselves and our affairs that when the time does come for us, as it did for the Persian king, "to pass away," the same solace that was his in the last dark hour will be ours.

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;

Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these,
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say:
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "O loving friends of mine!
Pleasures come, but not to stay:
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day,
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?

Fame is but a slow decay—
'Even this shall pass away.' "

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Said he with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray:
"Even this shall pass away."

Theodore Tilton.

HOPE SEES A STAR

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities.

We strive in vain to look beyond the heights.

We cry aloud—and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry.

From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word.

But in the night of death Hope sees a star, and listening Love can hear the rustling of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now."

Let us believe, in spite of doubts and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

Robert G. Ingersoll, at his brother's grave, June 2, 1879.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her face grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring tonight!"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—and his accents pierced her heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—

"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy
shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I still must do it: Curfew, girl, must ring
tonight!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn
vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear
or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must
die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright,
As in undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring
tonight!"

With quick step she bounded forward, sprang within
the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths he'd trod so
oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and
cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
and fro:
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray
of light,

Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
Awful is the gloom beneath her like the pathway down to hell;
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow,
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a speck of light below;
She 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more

Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years
before
Human foot had not been planted; but the brave deed
she had done
Should be told long ages after:—often as the setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty, aged sires, with heads
of white,
Long should tell the little children, "Curfew did not
ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him,
and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised
and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow
pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eye with
misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" said Cromwell; "curfew shall
not ring tonight!"

By permission. *Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.*

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

"MY NEIGHBOR JIM"

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said, "If he could have his will,
'Twould be his supreme delight
To live when the sun shone day and night."

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said, "Now this is real nice!
If ever from home I'm bound to go,
I'll move up North with the Esquimaux!"

A cyclone whirled along its track,
And did him harm;
It broke his arm
And stripped the coat from off his back.
And "I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at last his days were told,
His body bent,
And strength all spent,

And Jim was growing weak and old,
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die!" and Jim was dead!

The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven or—well,
I cannot tell!
But I know that the climate suited Jim,
And cold or hot, it mattered not,
It was to him the long-sought spot. *Anon.*

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them carefully over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchard from the myriads of grasshoppers.

The editor framed his answers upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed their two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with the twins, read in reply to his query: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests after jumping about in the flames a few minutes will speedily be settled." Whilst No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "Give a little castor oil and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."

JACK AND JILL IN VARIATIONS

While on soldier duty in the Philippine Islands, Professor O. W. Coursey clipped from a United States newspaper furnished by the Red Cross Society the following account of "Jack and Jill." Whoever the author of it, "C. N.," is, we do not know, but we take off our hats to his or her mastery of style.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

It is all a matter of temperament. Mother Goose was not given to sentiment, and so could report with coolness this great tragedy. The same sad sight witnessed by another might have been the occasion for awful warning, for philosophic speculation, for mournful story long drawn out.

Milton, indeed, used it as the theme for an immortal epic, and with his weary head upon his hand he wrote:

Of Jack's great fall from that high eminence,
From which fell also his companion Jill,
While they were climbing hither to a spring
In hope that they might dip one sparkling cup
Of water, and so quench their parching thirst,
Sing, heavenly muse.

Whittier, with honest sorrow, would have sung:

Alas for Jack! alas for Jill!
That fateful quest for mountain rill!

And alas for any whom ills betide,
Upon a treacherous mountain side!
For of all hard trials, the hardest lies
In slipping when so near our prize.

Mrs. Hemans would have pointed the moral in this way:

The boy stood there with his happy face
Beside his sweetheart Jill.
Within his bucket was no trace
Of water from the hill.
The father's unexpected call
Alarmed the pretty Jill,
And in their haste to answer him
Both tumbled down the hill.

Tennyson would have sighed as he sung:

Rich sunshine fills the vale and hills,
Two tender children, girl and brother,
Start out to bring from the high spring
A cup of water to their mother.
"Hie, children, hie!" we hear her faint voice crying,
"Yes, mother, yes," the children answer, hieing, hieing, hieing.
O fate, O death! They feel my breath,
For as they climb the rocky slope
The brother slips, the sister trips,
And shattered is the mother's hope.
"Come, children, come," we hear her sad voice crying,

"Come, children, come," the echo answers, dying, dying, dying.

And poor Robert Burns, with a heart full of sorrow, would have said with touching tenderness:

Ye birds that sing sae merrily,
  And bitterly bid me sweet good morrow,
Wi' ye nae breathe some sadder note?
  Oh, ken ye not some sang o' sorrow?
'Twi' break my heart, unless thou'll cease
  To warble thus thy mirth and gladness,
For my twa e'en are fu' o' tears,
  And i' my heart is muckle sadness.
Oft gaze I on the quiet hill,
  And see my bairns, my lass, my daughter,
And her fair brother, gae to bring
  From yonder spring a cup of water.
O birds, wi' ye nae mourn wi' me,
  O'er these, my bonnie girl and brother?
Wi' ye nae bring me flowers and leaves,
  And help these hands their graves to cover?

Wordsworth would have been pleased with the simplicity of this story, though it would have troubled him to have ended it so tragically. Doubtless he would have said something like this:

He dwelt within a lowly cot,
  Beside a towering hill;

A boy who shared his simple lot
With his loved sister Jill.
One day they wandered forth full gay,
To find a mountain rill,
At eventide they made their grave
By this unfriendly hill.

Had he witnessed such a scene as this, dear Will Shakespeare would have fallen into a reverie:

Was it Jack or was it Jill? That is the question.
Could it be Jill who pushed her brother down
And caused that pail of water to be spilled,
And that poor skull to crack in such a way
And work such inconvenience? Oh, yes, 'twas Jill!
No other. She only thought that she would end
Those ills which at that instant did confront her
And stir her spirit—'twas a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To give one push!
To push! Perchance to fall herself! Ay, there's the rub.
But in that deed she saw no cause of fear,
Which to an act so treacherous and unwise,
Should give a pause.

Longfellow would have made a kind of melodrama, something on this order:

And the setting sun descending
Threw its light upon the mountain,

To this slope went boy and maiden,
Traveling toward a pool of water.
Oh, the hard and treacherous hillside!
Oh, the slippery, stony pathway!
Fatal 'twas to many a brave one,
Fatal, too, unto our hero.
'Neath his feet a trembling boulder
Moved a little toward the valley;
To the valley fell our hero.
Quick the maiden's heart was beating,
And without a moment's pausing,
Thus aloud she spoke, declaring,
"I will go where'er thou goest!"
Then from off the selfsame boulder
Down the maiden cast her body.
Thus departed girl and lover;
In their death they're not divided.

Poe would never have taken this accident to Jack and Jill so much to heart, but in a half reckless mood he would have written:

Once upon a morning merry, Jack and Jill felt quite contrary,
As they wandered forth together to fetch water from the hill.
As they sauntered, acting badly, Jack began to speak most madly,
And his temper was most sadly patterned after sister Jill;

For his tasting she chastised him, gave a push and lost
her balance,
And both tumbled down the hill.

C. N., in Vermillion Republic, Buffalo, 1889.

A RECIPE FOR A SALAD

To make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown.
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss
A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt a dying anchorite to eat:
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined today!"

Sidney Smith.

THE BOND

(From the Armenian of Archag Tchobanian)

All things are bound together by a tie
  Finer and subtler than a ray of light.
Color and sound are fleeting fragrances,
  The maiden's smile, the star beams sparkling bright,
Are knit together by a secret bond
  Finer and subtler than a ray of light.

Sometimes an urn of memories is unsealed
  Just by a simple tune, or sad or gay.
Part of the past with every quivering note
  From its dark sleep awakens to the day,
And we live o'er again a long past life,
  Just through a simple tune, or sad or gay.

Flowers call back men and women to our thoughts;
  A well-known face smiles on us in their hue;
Their bright cups, moved by the capricious wind,
  Can make no dream of eyes, black eyes or blue.
We in their fragrance feel a loved one's breath;
  Flowers call back men and women whom we knew.

The summer sea recalls fond, happy hours;
  We in the sunset see our dead once more;
In starlight holy loves upon us smile;
  With our own griefs the stormy thunders roar;
The zephyr breathes to us a name adored;
  We in the sunset see the dead once more.

All things are bound in closest unison
Throughout the world, by many a mystic thread.
The flower and love, the breeze and reverie,
Nature and man, and things alive and dead,
Are all akin, and bound in harmony
Throughout the world by many a mystic thread.

By permission. *Alice Stone Blackwell.*

WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

What would you take for that soft little head
Pressed close to your face at time for bed;
For that white, dimpled hand in your own held tight,
And the dear little eyelids kissed down for the night?
What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn,
Those bright, dancing eyes and the face they adorn:
For the sweet little voice that you hear all day
Laughing and cooing—yet nothing to say?
What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet,
Those chubby round cheeks, and that mouth so sweet;
For the wee tiny fingers and little soft toes.
The wrinkly little neck and that funny little nose?
Now, what would you take?

Good Housekeeping.

THE PUMPKIN

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affections restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-pie?

O fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,

That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin-pie!

By permission
Houghton Mifflin Company.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offerings of my own I have,
No works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MAN AND THE PICNIC

Under the shellbark hickory tree
The picnic man he stands;
A woeful looking man is he,
With bruised and grimy hands;
And the soil that sticks to his trousers' knee,
Is the soil of several lands.

His hair is tumbled, his hat is torn,
His clothes are like the ground;
He wishes he had ne'er been born,
Or born, had ne'er been found.
He glares and scowls in wrathful scorn
As oft he looks around.

At early morn, all dressed in white,
He sought the picnic park;
His face was clean, his heart was light,
His loud song mocked the lark.
But now, although the day is bright,
His world, alas! is dark.

In joyous mood, at early morn,
He sat upon the stump,
But soon, as though upon a thorn
He sat, with mighty jump
He leaped aloft, and all forlorn
In haste he did crump.

For lo, in hordes the big black ants,
With nippers long and slim,

Went swiftly crawling up his pants,
And made it warm for him;
And through the woods they made him dance,
With gasp, and groan, and vim.

And when the rustic feast is spread,
And she is sitting by.
His wildwood garland on her head,
The lovelight in her eye,
He—woe, oh, woe! would he were dead—
Sits in the custard pie.

And now they send him up the tree
To fix the picnic swing.
And up the shellbark's scraggy side,
They laugh to see him cling;
They cannot hear the words he cried,
"Dat fetch! dog gone! dat bing!"

And now he wisheth he were down,
And yet he cannot see,
Just how the giggle, stare and frown
Escaped by him may be;
He knows he cannot scramble down
With his back against the tree.

Sobbing and sliding and wailing,
Homeward alone he goes;
Clay, pie, and grass stain on his clothes,
More and more plainly shows;

And he vows that to any more picnics
He never will go, he knows.

But the morning comes, and its rising sun
Brings balm to his tattered breeks;
He thinks, after all, he had lots of fun,
And hopefully, gayly he speaks;
And he goes to picnics one by one,
Nine times in the next five weeks.

R. J. Burdette.

ANTONY IN ARMS

Lo, we are side by side. One dark arm furls
Around me like a serpent, warm and bare;
The other, lifted 'mid a gleam of pearls,
Holds a full golden goblet high in air;
Her face is shining through her cloudy curls
With light that makes me drunken unaware,
And with my chin upon my breast I smile
Upon her, darkening inward all the while.

And thro' the chamber curtains, backward rolled
By spicy winds that fan my fevered head,
I see a sandy flat slope, yellow as gold,
To the brown banks of Nilus wrinkling red
In the slow sunset; and mine eyes behold
The West, low down beyond the river's bed,

Grow sullen, ribbed with many a brazen bar,
Under the white smile of the Cyprian star.

. . . . . .

Lo, how her dark arm holds me!—I am bound
By the soft touch of fingers, light as leaves;
I drag my face aside, but at the sound
Of her low voice, I turn—and she perceives
The cloud of Rome upon my brow and round
My neck she twines her odorous arms and grieves,
Shedding upon a heart as soft as they
Tears 'tis a hero's task to kiss away!

And then she loosens from me, trembling still
Like a bright throbbing robe, and bids me "Go!"
When pearly tears her drooping eyelids fill,
And her swart beauty whitens into snow;
And lost to use of life and hope and will,
I gaze upon her with a warrior's woe,
And turn, and watch her sidelong in annoy—
Then snatch her to me, flushed with shame and joy.

Once more, O Rome, I would be son of thine—
This constant prayer my chained soul ever saith,
I thirst for honorable end—I pine
Not thus to kiss away my mortal breath.
But comfort such as this may not be mine.
I cannot even die a Roman death;
I seek a Roman's grave, a Roman's rest—
But, dying—I would die upon her breast!

Robert Buchanan.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

The following beautiful composition, the original of which is in the G. A. R. hall museum at the State House, Topeka, Kansas, was captured during the Civil War, at Charleston, South Carolina, by a brother of Mrs. S. B. Helmer of Kendallville, Indiana; it is printed on very heavy satin and is quite a literary curiosity.

Thou to the Mercy-Seat our souls doth gather,
To do our duty unto Thee,
Our Father,
To Whom all praise, all honor should be given,
For Thou art the Great God
Who art in heaven,
Thou by Thy wisdom rul'st the world's whole frame.
Forever, therefore,
Hallowed be Thy name;
Let never more delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let
Thy kingdom come,
Let Thy commands opposèd be by none,
But Thy good pleasure and
Thy will be done.
And let our promptness to obey, be even
The very same
On earth as it is in heaven.
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldst be pleased to
Give us this day
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and
Our daily bread;

With every needful thing do Thou relieve us,
And of Thy mercy, pity
And forgive us
All our misdeeds, for Him, Whom Thou didst please
To make an offering for
Our trespasses,
And for as much, O Lord, as we believe
That Thou wilt pardon us
As we forgive
Let that love teach, wherewith Thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all
Those who trespass against us;
And, though, sometimes, Thou find'st we have forgot
This love to Thee, yet help
And lead us not
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us
Into temptation,
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial,
But deliver
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep
Us from evil;
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of Thee from whom
This may be had,
For thine is the kingdom,
This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story
To Thee belongs.
The power and the glory

And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever and
Forever.
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally
Amen.

Charleston, South Carolina, July 4, 1823.

Anon.

WHAT TO FORGET

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

Claremont Herald.

HERE SHE GOES, AND THERE SHE GOES

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke, to breakfast of the best.
The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill;
Will looked it over:—"Very right—
But hold! what wonder meets my sight!
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"
"What wonder, where?" "The clock, the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke;
At last the landlord silence broke,—

"You mean the clock that's ticking there!
I see no wonder, I declare!
Though maybe, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly, somewhat old;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute;
But, if you please, what wonder in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,
"The clock at Jersey, near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?"
Will ended with a knowing wink;
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.

"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
"What wager was it?"

"You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December:
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till the hour should close,
Still—'*Here she goes, and there she goes.*'
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!"
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet."
"Agreed, but we will play some trick,
To make you of the bargain sick!"
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait,—
Begin,—the clock is striking eight."
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice and hoarser grows,
With—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!"
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.

"Tom! with the money let's be off!"
This made the landlord only scoff.
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair;
Thought he, "The fools! I'll bite them yet!
So poor a trick sha'n't win the bet."
And loud and long the chorus rose
Of—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in to see
Her daughter: "Where is Mrs. B——?"
"When will she come, do you suppose?
Son?—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
"Here!—where?"—the lady in surprise
His finger followed with her eyes;
"Son! why that steady gaze and sad!
Those words,—that motion,—are you mad?
But here's your wife, perhaps she knows,
And—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
And rushed to him and seized his arm;
He shook her off, and to and fro
His finger persevered to go,
While curled his very nose with ire
That *she* against him should conspire;

And with more furious tone arose
The—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!
Run down and bring the little girl;
She is his darling, and who knows
But—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
"Lawks! he is mad! What made him thus?
Good Lord! what will become of us?
Run for a doctor,—run, run, run,—
For Doctor Brown and Doctor Dun,
And Doctor Black and Doctor White,
And Doctor Gray, with all your might!"

The doctors came, and looked, and wondered,
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered.
Then one proposed he should be bled,—
"No, leeched, you mean," the other said,—
"Clap on a blister!" roared another,—
"No! cup him,"—"No! trepan him, brother."
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge;
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection.
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills:
"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her,
Three dozen patent pills I gave her;

And by to-morrow I suppose
That—"
"Here she goes, and there she goes!"

"You are all fools!" the lady said,—
"The way is, just to shave his head.
Run! bid the barber come anon."
"Thanks, mother!" thought her clever son;
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation sha'n't outwit me!"
Thus to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,
And from his lips no accent flows
But—"Here she goes, and there she goes!"
The barber came—"Lord help him! what
A queerish customer I've got;
But we must do our best to save him,—
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
But here the doctors interpose,——
"A woman never—"
"There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
Not even when her baby is sick.
He must be bled,"—"No, no, a blister,"—
"A purge, you mean,"—"I say a clyster,"—
"No, cup him,"—"Leech him,"—"Pills! pills! pills!"
And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,

And triumph brightens up his face,
His finger yet shall win the race;
The clock is on the stroke of nine,
And up he starts,—"'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"
"What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty;
I never spent an hour so thrifty.
But you who tried to make me lose,
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!
But how is this? where are they?"

"Who?"

"The gentlemen,—I mean the two
Came yesterday,—are they below?"
"They galloped off an hour ago."
"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

James Nack.

WORLD WITHOUT MEN

Aunt Samantha was visiting at a house in Buffalo. She is an old maid and very devout, always concluding her prayers with the gloria.

"Why does she say such funny things in her prayers?" asked the little daughter of the house.

"Why, what does she say?" replied the fond mamma.

"I don't remember all she says, but she always ends with 'World without men, ah, me.' "

Selected.

JUST SO

When everything goes crooked
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick, nor fuss, nor fidget
Just—you—smile!

It's hard to learn the lesson,
But learn it if you'd win;
When people tease and pester,
Just—you—grin!

When someone tries to "do" you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm and pleasant;
Just—you—laugh!

But if you find you're stuffy
(Sometimes, of course, you will)
And cannot smile nor grin nor laugh,
Just—keep—still!

Woman's Home Companion.

SORROW

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping, and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers.

Goethe.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING

This beautiful poem I have cherished many years in my scrapbook and it always gave me pleasure to read it and imagine what the author, whose name is seldom connected with anything outside the political arena, might have been had he been spared.

Bury me in the morning, mother,
Oh, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night.
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother,
I feel that it is in my heart,
But, oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part;
For even to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

Stephen A. Douglas.

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sal 'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over sumthin' or 'nother, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar-bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches.

After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman upstairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and, corroborating the words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father."

"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word he concealed himself in the case, and drew to the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and, sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes; then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and then smoke afterward?" suggested the ever dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz—z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation is that?"

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally, tremulously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the deacon, "striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter of the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man.

"It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It's burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause, advancing resolutely toward the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't!" cried the daughter, affectionately seizing one of his coat-tails, while his faithful wife hung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon; "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped off his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, came from the inside, and then the clock-case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light; the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in a distempered imagination.

THERE'S A CROSS FOR ME

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for me.

Rev. Thomas Shepherd.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG

Ex-President Roosevelt appointed Eugene F. Ware Pension Commissioner, it is believed, because he loved Mr. Ware's poetry. Several years ago Ex-President Roosevelt read and admired "The Washerwoman's Song," by Mr. Ware, and when he went West to attend the reunion of the Rough Riders, he asked to meet the author. The two rode half way across Kansas together and became very good friends. The poem reads:

I

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

II

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long;
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

III

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;

But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

IV

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Savior for a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

V

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her Friend
Who would keep her to the end.

VI

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs,
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip

Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a Friend
Who will keep her to the end.

By permission. *Eugene F. Ware.*

ORIGIN OF SCANDAL

Said Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something—in her tea."
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That night was overheard to say—
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. K.
Went straight away
And told a friend, the selfsame day,
" 'Tis sad to think—"
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust
Was such, she must

Inform a lady, "which she nussed,"
That Mrs. B.
At half-past three
Was "that far gone, she couldn't see!"

This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needlework refuse.
Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—she said, said she,
That she would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye.
Said Mrs. A.,
In sore dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say:
I said that you
Had stouter grew
On too much sugar—which you do!"

Catholic Times.

IT'S A GAY OLD WORLD

It's a gay old world when you're gay
And a glad old world when you're glad;
  But whether you play
  Or go toiling away
It's a sad old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great
And a mean old world if you're small;
  It's a world full of hate
  For the foolish who prate
Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see
Or it's dismal in every zone.
  The thing it must be
  In its gloom or its glee
Depends on yourself alone.

Anon.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW'S FUNNIEST POEM

Longfellow wrote this funny little poem for Blanch Rosevelt.

There was a little girl, she had a little curl
  Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
  And when she was bad, she was horrid.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER

O Lord, who knowest every need of mine,
Help me to bear each cross and not repine;
Grant me fresh courage every day,
Help me to do my work alway
Without complaint!

O Lord, Thou knowest well how dark the way,
Guide Thou my footsteps, lest they stray;
Give me fresh faith for every hour,
Lest I should ever doubt Thy power
And make complaint!

Give me a heart, O Lord, strong to endure,
Help me to keep it simple, pure,
Make me unselfish, helpful, true
In every act, whate'er I do,
And keep content!

Help me to do my woman's share,
Make me courageous, strong to bear
Sunshine or shadow in my life!
Sustain me in the daily strife
To keep content! *Anon.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Tennyson.

"I AM AS HAPPY AS YOU ARE"

Helen Keller, though born deaf, dumb and blind, has astonished the world by acquiring a complete education, despite her handicap.

My story is now told, and I hope, kind reader, you are convinced how little able I was to write it. I live in my own way the life that you do, and I am as happy as you are. The outward circumstances of our lives are but the shell of things. My life is pervaded by love as a cloud by light. Deafness is a barrier against intrusion, and blindness makes us oblivious to much that is ugly and revolting in the world. In the midst of unpleasant things, I move as one who wears an invisible cap.

Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation infolds me like a cold, white mist as I sit alone and wait at Life's shut gate. Beyond there is light and music and sweet companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, inexorable, bars the way. Fain would I question his imperious decree; for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes Hope with sweet, sad smile and whispers, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness." So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.

Helen Keller.

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Not failure, but low aim is crime. *Lowell.*

A LONESOME PLACE

When you are away with the children,
  The house is a lonesome place,
And in every nook and corner,
  I fancy I see a face,
While I hear with a thrill the laughter,
  That comes from the happy boys
Who are fighting aloft with the pillows,
  And making a dreadful noise.

And over the arm of my rocker
  Is peering a rosy face
That is dimpled with smiles, and whispers,
  "Please, papa, take little Grace."
And I lay down my unread paper,
  To answer the little prayer,
And find it a foolish fancy
  That fades into empty air.

I vow I will never be crabbed,
  Nor growl at the dreadful noise
That grumbles beneath the arches,
  And comes from those boisterous boys,
Nor forget to bring home the dolly
  That the dear little maid admired,
Nor be tempted to say, "My dear, go away,
  For papa is dreadful tired."

The time is so surely coming,
  Alas, it will come too soon!

When we will be old and feeble,
And sit in our easy shoon;
Then the house will be lone and silent
From the morn till the evening gray,
And no one will break that silence,
For the children are gone away.

By permission. *Rollin J. Wells.*

SOMETIME—SOMEWHERE

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it.
It cheered a life that had been dark the while,
Which might have wrecked without it.
And so for that smile and fruitage rare,
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties.
It cheered a heart; new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for that word of golden cheer,
You'll reap a talent sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in goodness given.
You saved a soul when help was rare,
And won an honest heart forever.
And so, for that help you proffered there,
Kind friend, you'll reap a joy—sometime—somewhere.

Auburn No. 29768.

THE MAKER'S IMAGE

Crowned with the culture of the centuries
With honest mien and noble, manly pride,
He gazes fearless back across the Past,
Triumphant o'er the forces of the world
Fired by wisdom's sacred heritage,
Imbued with ardent trust and sanguine hope,
Strong driver of Progression's potent plow,
He presses onward, certain of success—
Upon his brow serene intelligence
Reigns sovereign consort of integrity.

This is the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over land and sea;
This is the Maker's image, this the Man,
Evolved in somber eons dead and gone,
That phenix-risen from the forge of Time,
In grandeur marches on to victory.
Yon clod is but the relic of the Past,
And burdened by the centuries that lie
Long-buried in a now-forgotten tomb,
Whence empty ages nevermore may rise.

So has God-given labor raised the Man,
That, chaos-conquering, his mighty arm
Now reaches proudly round the globe,
In signal triumph over Time and Space.
The gulf between him and the seraphim
Is straitly narrowed to a single step;
Toil-lifted from the gloom of ignorance,

He holds the key to solemn mystery
And with unclouded eyes perceives God's dream
In all its glory and its melody.
Say, where exists more splendid prophecy?

"Masters and rulers in all lands"—forsooth,
Who are the masters, and whose is the sway
Of sceptered power o'er the universe?
Whose hand is on the throttle of Advance
Save his upon whose sturdy open brow
There gleams the sweat of strong productive toil?
He is the lord and ruler in all lands,
Whose lightest word commands the elements,
Who summons Nature to his beck and call,
And whose most faithful servitor is Truth—
Who labors, labors to a noble end.

And so the Future shall be satisfied;
The world's last reckoning shall place this Man
Upon the pinnacle he shall deserve;
And he who shaped himself shall reap the rest
His being promises, led on by faith
Undaunted in the goodness of the Plan,
The want insatiate of higher things—
The plain impulse of immortality.

Albert Charlton Andrews.

Alas! to think how many people's creeds are contradicted by their deeds.

Anon.

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY; OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

A Logical Story

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—

And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle and linchpin, too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide

Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconness dropped away,
Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

Eighteen hundred;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. You're welcome. No extra charge.)

First of November—the Earthquake day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

O. W. Holmes.

TO MY SON

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such a part,
That you seem to be fiber and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.
"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be yours, then, the task, if task is should be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,
She reaped as she sowed, Lo! This is her son.

Margaret Johnstone Graflin.

LINES TO A SKELETON

The mss. of this poem was found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, near a perfect human skeleton. It was first published in the *Morning Chronicle*.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,—
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Author unknown.

MY CREED

I would be true, for there are those that trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend of all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

Harold Arnold Walters.

THE AGED STRANGER

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more.

"He fell in battle?—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

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Bret Harte.

OTHERS SHALL SING

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
All I fail of, win.
What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made?
Hail to the coming singer!
Hail to the brave light-bringer!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.
I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

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John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE

Written by Sir William Blackstone, Knt., at the age of 18 years, when about to commence the study of law.

As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemned to roam,
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighboring mountain's brow
He stops and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doomed from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees with humming voice
Around the honeyed oak rejoice,
And aged elms, with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend,
Lulled by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheered by the warbling of the woods,
How blessed my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!

Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded, rolled along,
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the field, and torn from you,
Farewell! a long and last adieu!

. . . . . .

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp by night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair *Justice*, welcome all!

Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun at last
Find out the still, the rural cell
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend!

The opportunity is often lost by deliberation. *Anon.*

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer
  Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes
  Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore.

JUST A BOY

With all the comedy there is about a boy's life there is a deep philosophy running through it all. Flashes of wisdom, too, deeper and more varied than the diamond's gleam. The world is full of knowledge and wisdom and erudition. The ages of research, investigation and exploration illumine the well-trodden path of the generations, but every baby boy that comes into the world finds out that fire is hot and water wet by taking hold of one and falling into the other, the same old way we all found them out. But it is the grand old school of experience; the only school men will learn at, each for himself.

You look at them, the boys of appetite and noise, with their careless, easy ways, their natural manners and movements on the baseball ground, their marvellous, systematic, indescribable, inimitable, complex, angular awkwardness in your parlors, and do you ever dream, looking at these sturdy young engines of energy, of the overshadowing destinies awaiting them; the mighty struggles mapped out for their earnest lives; the thrilling experiences in the world of arms; the grander triumphs of patient toil in the fields of science, art and philosophy, to the fadeless laurels in the empire of letters? Why, the world is at a boy's feet. Work, energy, conquest, leadership and statesmanship slumber in his arms and carefree heart.

Hannibal, standing before the Punic altar fires, and in lisping accents of childhood swearing eternal hatred

to Rome, was Hannibal at twenty-four commanding the army that swept down upon Italy like a mountain torrent, shook the power of the mistress of the world, and bade her defiance at her own gates, while fear-stricken her warriors and populace huddled and cowered behind her protecting walls.

Napoleon in infancy spearing flies with a pin, building snow forts at school and planning mimic battles with his playfellows, was lieutenant of the artillery at sixteen, general and victor at Toulon at twenty-four, and at last Emperor. However unworthy, it was by his manhood and the grace of his own right arm, his own brain, his own courage and dauntless ambition.

And the fair-faced soldiers of the empire, they who rode down upon the English squares at Waterloo, while the earth rocked beneath their feet, and the incense smoke from the altars of the battle-god shut out the sun and sky above their heads, who, with their young lives streaming from their gaping wounds, opened their pallid lips to cry, "Vive L'Empereur," as they died for honor and France, were boys—schoolboys—the boy conscripts of France, torn from their homes and their schools to stay the failing fortunes of the last grand army and the reeling empire. You do not know how soon these rollicking, happy-go-lucky fellows, making summer hideous with their baseball slang, may hold the state and its destinies in their grasp; how soon they alone may shape events and guide the current of public action.

Anon.

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company;
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings that passed her by,
Not heeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laugh and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Finding the snow piled white and deep.

Past the old woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street;
At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand,
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away!"
And somebody's mother bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy
Who was somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Selected.

A GREAT COMPLIMENT

"I met a man on the street yesterday, and he took me for Admiral Dewey."

"That's nothing, a man took me for something higher last week."

"Did he take you for Theodore Roosevelt?"

"No. Up higher."

"For the President himself?"

"No, he tapped me very kindly on my shoulder and said, 'Mein Gott! is it you?'"

Anon.

AN ADVENTURE ON WHEELS

Three smart young men and three nice girls
All lovers true as steel—
Decided in a friendly way,
To spend the day awheel.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes,
They in like
rode twos this!

They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the songbird's trill.
They sped through many a woodland glade,
The world was full of bliss—
And when they rested in the shade,
They sat in twos like this!

The sun went down and evening came,
A lot too soon, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way,
The clouds grew black o'erhead.
Down dashed the rain! They homeward flew,
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sideways—crash! Great Scott!
The lot
Wereallmixeduplikethis! *Anon.*

THE PAST RISES BEFORE ME LIKE A DREAM

Extract from a speech delivered at the soldiers' reunion at Indianapolis, Indiana, September 21, 1876.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered deep with flowers.

We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by

holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

Robert G. Ingersoll.

God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers.

Selected.

HIS DAD

My dad, he makes the slickest kite
That ever was, by jing!
Why, it will sail clean out of sight,
When I let out the string.
The other kids they come to me
To get kite pointers now;
An' they're as glad as they can be
That my dad knows just how.

My dad kin take two wheels an' make
A coaster that is fine;
The other kids all want to take
Their pattern now from mine;
An' when we all slide down a hill,
Why, I kin pass by each
As though they all was standin' still!
Say, ain't my dad a peach?

My dad kin make a bow that sends
A arrow high!
You oughter see it when it bends
An' watch that arrow fly!
An' now, why, every kid you see
Tries hard to make a bow
As good as what dad made fer me,
But they can't do it, though!

My dad kin take a willer stick
Before the bark is dry,

An' make a whistle jest as slick
As any that you buy.
Gee, but the kids are jealous when
I blow it where they're at!
They all commence a-wishin' then
They had a dad like that!

They's nothin' much my dad can't do
If he makes up his mind;
An' he is mighty chummy, too,
One of the bully kind.
Some dads would yell, "Oh, go and play;
I'm busy as kin be!"
But my dad, he ain't built that way,
Not on your life, by gee!

E. A. Brininstool.

THE CHEERFUL WAY

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time:
Say not "Good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

Mrs. Barbauld.

MR. PICKWICK'S ROMANTIC ADVENTURE

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings,—"it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come upstairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manoeuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and

nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back-hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul!" thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap,—"never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin nightcap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room.

If I call out, she'll alarm the house; but if I remain here the consequence will be still more frightful!"

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him, but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly,—

"Ha—hum."

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha—hum."

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady, with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man," shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed toward the door.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in extremity of his desperation,—"ma'am."

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's nightcap driven her back into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch," said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am,—nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap" (here the lady hastily snatched off hers), "but I can't get it off, ma'am" (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). "It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not

been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest of pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly,—"certainly, ma'am. I—I—am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion,—deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his night-cap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, ma'am; this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again,—"I

trust, ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this"—But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

. . . . . .

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, "where's my bedroom?"

Mr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise; and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times, that he turned round, and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as he got into bed, "I have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes tonight that ever were heard of."

"Wery likely, sir," replied Mr. Weller dryly.

"But of this I am determined, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "that if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it, alone, again."

"That's the very prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "You rather want somebody to look arter you, sir, wen your judgment goes out a wisitin'!"

"What do you mean by that, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick. He raised himself in bed, and extended his hand, as if he were about to say something more; but, suddenly checking himself, turned round and bade his valet "Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," replied Mr. Weller. He paused when he got outside the door—shook his head—walked on—stopped—snuffed the candle—shook his head again—and finally proceeded slowly to his chamber, apparently buried in the profoundest meditation.

Charles Dickens.

BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME

Because you love me, I have found
New joys that were not mine before;
New stars have lightened up my sky
With glories growing more and more.
Because you love me I can rise
To the heights of fame and realms of power;
Because you love me I may learn
The highest use of every hour.

Because you love me I can choose
To look through your dear eyes and see
Beyond the beauty of the Now
Far onward to Eternity.
Because you love me I can wait
With perfect patience well possessed;
Because you love me all my life
Is circled with unquestioned rest;
Yes, even Life and even Death
Is all unquestioned and all blest.

Pall Mall Magazine.

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells
How it dwells
On the Future; how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells;
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon,
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and crash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air.
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone.
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan from the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am as bald as you are gray—
Out by the barn-lot, and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing" sky,
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again,
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,

With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
Or the dim hay-mow with its fragrancies—
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

Why, I see her now, in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof! And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to old Aunt Mary's?

For, O my brother so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits *today*
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come." . . . And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's.

James Whitcomb Riley.

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BUT ONLY ONE MOTHER

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one *mother* in the whole world.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

WHEN MOTHER SCRUBS

When mother scrubs us Sunday morn,
There's lively times, you bet;
There's faces wry, with howl and cry
To keep out of the wet.
There's argument and weak excuse
And faces full forlorn
When mother scrubs and digs and rubs
Us every Sunday morn.

When mother scrubs us, there's a glow
Of white comes o'er the scene,
A shedding of the old and new,
Comes where the old has been;
A shrinkage in more ways than one,
A wish we'd ne'er been born,
When mother scours with all her powers
On every Sunday morn.

When mother scrubs us Sunday morn,
She gets all out of breath;
She pants and sweats and sighs and frets
And scrubs us most to death.
She scrubs our backs till they are sore,
Till skin and flesh are gone,
Then wonders why we'd rather die
Than wake on Sunday morn.

No wonder Billy Buzzey says
That I'm a thin-skinned jay;

I've got to be, 'cuz ma, you see,
Has scrubbed it all away.
Oh, won't we be a happy lot,
The wildest ever born,
When we're too big for ma to dig
And scrub on Sunday morn?

New York Herald.

'TIS LIFE BEYOND

I watched a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white,
A last far-flashed farewell, and, like a thought
Slipt out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet to the helmsman standing at the wheel
Broad seas still stretched beneath the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign,
Nor dreamed he of that far horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond.

Author unknown.

Flowers are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul in.

H. W. Beecher.

WHERE THE SPANKWEED GROWS

There's a corner in our garden, but our nurse won't tell me where,
That little boys must never see, but always must beware.
And in that corner, all the year, in rows—and rows—and rows,
A dreadful little flower called the
Spankweed
Grows!

My nursie says that if a boy who doesn't wash his face,
Or pulls his sister's hair should ever find that place,
The spankweed just would jump at him and dust his little clothes,
Oh, it's never safe for fellers where the
Spankweed
Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then
I'll go and find the spankweed place—it's somewhere in the glen.
And when I get a swingin' it an puttin' in my blows,
I bet there'll be excitement where the
Spankweed
Grows!

By permission
Life Publishing Company.

Paul West.

Words break no bones;
Hearts though sometimes.

Robert Browning.

SENT TO HEAVEN

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loves best;
But I had my task to finish,
And she had gone to rest;
To rest in the far bright heaven—
Oh! so far away from here!
It was vain to speak to my darling,
For I knew she could not hear.

I had a message to send her,
So tender and true and sweet,
I longed for an angel to bear it,
And lay it down at her feet.
I placed it, one summer's evening,
On a little white cloud's breast;
But it faded in golden splendor,
And died in the crimson west.

I gave it the lark next morning,
And I watched it soar and soar;
But its pinions grew faint and weary,
And it fluttered to earth once more.
I cried, in my passionate longing,
Has the earth no angel friend
Who will carry my love the message
My heart desires to send?

Then I heard a strain of music,
So mighty, so pure, so dear,

That my very sorrow was silent,
And my heart stood still to hear.
It rose in harmonious rushing
Of mingled voices and strings,
And I tenderly laid my message
On Music's outspread wings.

And I heard it float farther and farther,
In sound more perfect than speech,
Farther than sight can follow,
Farther than soul can reach.
And I know that at last my message,
Has passed through the golden gate;
So my heart is no longer restless,
And I am content to wait.

Adelaide Ann Proctor.

CHICKEN ON THE BRAIN

Near Erie there lives a colored person by the name of James Stewart, whom the community by common consent have dubbed Commodore Stewart. He is a talented but eccentric individual, and has a weakness for chickens. On one occasion, being found near a poultry yard under suspicious circumstances, he was interrogated rather sharply by the owner of the premises as follows:

"Well, Jim, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, nuffin', nuffin'! jes' walkin' roun'."

"What do you want with my chickens?"

"Nuffin' at all. I was only lookin' at 'em, day looks so nice."

This answer was both conciliatory and conclusive, and would have been satisfactory had it not been for Jim's hat. This was a rather worn soft felt, a good deal too large for its wearer's head; and it seemed to have a motion entirely unusual in hats, and manifestly due to some remarkable cause. It seemed to contract and expand and move of itself, and clearly without Jim's volition. So the next inquiry was,—

"What is the matter with your hat?"

"My hat? Dat's an ole hat. I'se fond of dat hat."

"Well, take it off and let's look at it."

"Take off dis hat? No, sah. I'd ketch cold in my head, sartin. Always keep my hat on when I'm out o' doors."

And with that Jim was about beating a hasty retreat when, at his first step, a low "kluk, kluk, kluk," was heard coming only too clearly from the region of his headgear. This was fatal, and Jim was stopped and forced to remove his hat, when a plump, half-grown chicken jumped out and ran hastily away. The air with which the culprit gazed after it was a study for a painter; it expressed to a perfection wonder and perplexity blended, but not a trace of guilt. Slowly he spoke, as though explaining the matter to himself, and accounting for so remarkable an incident.

"Well, if dat ain't de funniest t'ing I ebber did see. Why, dat dar chicken must have clum up de leg of my pantaloons."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,
And parting summer's lingering bloom delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime, circled in the shade,
The young contended as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These *were* thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Oliver Goldsmith.

YOU YOURSELF

Your greatest problem is yourself. You are also your greatest treasure. If you can get yourself determined upon—find out what you are and what you are for—and if you can discover and develop the elements of value in your nature, your life will take on the beauty of orderliness and your need of the savings bank will be less and less, for you will be your own riches. I say if you can, for this procedure takes wisdom, and wisdom is a fruit which ripens slowly. Perhaps you are not yet wise; perhaps you are still incapable of self-analysis; perhaps you are confused amid the surfaces and appearances of life; perhaps your code of conduct is based upon the customs of the times and the sayings of the alleged sages; perhaps you are disheartened and discouraged—even in frenzy of retreat before the things in your life which seem to oppose you and beat you back. But even so, this is but a condition or mood which is not final. The condition will right itself, the mood will pass.

By permission.

Richard Wightman.

WHEN ALL IS DONE

To anyone who viewed the face of Paul Laurence Dunbar, after the long, hard race was done, there could but come the memory of this poem and one could not but be grateful to him for having said these so plainly and in such a simple way.

There was no trace of pain upon his features, naught that could suggest anything but peace and deep content. Those who loved him could not keep back the tears because of their loss, but no one who saw him at the last feared that he was otherwise than gloriously at rest! He had indeed "greeted the dawn," though it was near the hour of the setting of an earthly winter's sun that he broke the last of his prison bars, and freedom found at last.

When all is done, and my last word is said,
And ye who loved me murmur, "He is dead,"
Let no one weep, for fear that I should know,
And sorrow too that ye should sorrow so.

When all is done and in the oozing clay,
Ye lay this cast-off hull of mine away,
Pray not for me, for, after long despair,
The quiet of the grave will be a prayer.

For I have suffered loss and grievous pain,
The hurts of hatred and the world's disdain,
And wounds so deep that love, well-tried and pure,
Had not the power to ease them or to cure.

When all is done, say not my day is o'er,
And that through night I seek a dimmer shore;
Say rather that my morn has just begun,—
I greet the dawn and not a setting sun,
When all is done.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

WE PARTED IN SILENCE

We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite
We met—and we parted forever!
The night-bird sung, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling;
We vowed we would never, no, never forget,
And those vows, at the time, were consoling;
But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine
Are as cold as that lonely river;
And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
And my heart grows full of weeping;
Each star is to me a sealèd book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of those bygone years,
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

Crawford.

COUSIN JOHN

A gray Thanksgiving morning,
In the farmhouse on the hill,
Looked soberly down on the deacon,
More gray and more sombre still;

As he sat in his armchair musing
By the fire that wouldn't go,
While his good wife, brisk and cheerful,
Was bustling to and fro;

And once she paused in passing
To touch him on the head,
"We mustn't forget what day it is;
Father, give thanks," she said.

"Give thanks," the deacon answered,
In a slow uncertain way—
"Give thanks that the farm is mortgaged,
And our son has gone astray?

"No matter whose fault begun it,
The thing was done somehow,
And everything's gone ag'in' us
From that time up to now.

"I've heard the neighbors talking,
When I'd just catch 'Deacon Brown';
And 'driving away that boy of his,'
And 'the farm a-running down.'

"It's true enough, too, Abby,
  Leastways the latter part;
It's queer how things will slide sometimes
  With mighty little start.

. . . . . .

"I know He's just and righteous,
  But one thing I must say:
The things I've mostly prayed for
  Have gone the other way."

The deacon paused a moment
  For his handkerchief, just here,
While the patient wife sighed softly
  And brushed away a tear;

Then looked up as her husband
  Tossed something square and white.
"Here, wife, just read this letter,
  It came to me last night."

A puzzling letter surely,
  There was scarcely more than a line:
"Be sure and kill the turkey;
  A friend is coming to dine."

"Well, that strikes me," said the deacon,
  "As cool for this time o' year."
But his wife said, "Oh, it is Cousin John!
  You know he was always queer.

"This is just his way of saying
  He means to give us a call;

So, father, I guess we'll have to keep
Thanksgiving, after all."

. . . . . .

In proper time the turkey,
With goodies on each side,
Lay smoking on the table,
Quite calm and satisfied.

And the deacon mused in silence,
With his shabby best coat on,
While his wife was hurrying to the door
To welcome Cousin John.

But what, in the name of wonder,
Are the sounds the deacon hears?
He rises, and follows after,
For he cannot trust his ears.

Then stops in blank amazement
At the sight he looks upon,
"Here is Abigail clean gone crazy,
A huggin' and kissin' John."

No—it is not John who is saying,
In a voice of long ago,
"So you've killed the turkey, father?"
And "I am the friend, you know."

In a dream the deacon listens
While the voice goes on until

It says, "I've paid the mortgage,
And the homestead is ours still."

. . . . . .

That evening when the deacon
Knelt down beside his chair
The spirit of Thanksgiving
Would overflow his prayer.

And at its close he added,
"And, O Lord, from this day,
No matter what I ask for
Just do the other way."

C. T. B.

A GEM IN TRIBUTE

Those who deem it a sin to print obituary verse will forgive us for reproducing from the Salem *Pioneer-Register* this gem in memory of a little child.

Only a baby's grave—
A foot or two at the most
Of tear-dewed sod;
But a loving God
Knows what the little grave cost.

Only a baby's life,—
Brief as a perfumed kiss,
So fleet it goes;
But our Father knows
We are nearer to Him for this.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now:
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And would'st thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties.
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive the foolish tear;
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;

Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

George P. Morris.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and twinkling spark
Guides the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little, little star.

Selected.

THE TELEPHONE—A MEMORY

The last heavy moving van had driven away. The owner of the house, a stern-faced man, had watched it out of sight, then turned back for one last glance about the familiar rooms to see that nothing had been forgotten. His tread sounded hollow in the deserted rooms; an air of loneliness filled the bare house, and something of its chill struck to his empty heart and made him shudder. With a sigh that was almost a groan, he returned to the hallway, when suddenly, near the telephone, he caught sight of a little sheet of paper, pinned to the wall, and covered with different names, some written carefully in violet ink—they were for constant reference—others were scribbled hastily in pencil, toward the last.

There it was before him, alive and tangible almost—the beautiful page of life that had been his for a few short years. All that he had made up his mind to forget was there—a fragment of human life on half a sheet of paper! With tender care, the man removed the thumb-pin and took the paper from the wall. It was a bright yellow color and as he stepped into the empty parlor the light seemed strangely reflected when he carried it to the window to read it.

At the top, her name was written: Louise, the most beautiful name he knew, for it was that of his beloved, and the number beside it, 105-08 Orange, was a veritable song of triumph. That was the beginning; she was in the country then, while he was working in the city

and planning this home that was to be their heaven; how often had he called that number to tell her of the progress that he was making, and to invite her to run in and see how he was getting on; what delightful little surprises he had arranged each time and how overjoyed she had been with his thoughtfulness! Several erasures followed. Then came the number of the florists, and the livery stable. Then there were several furniture stores; that was when he was gradually building their home. Then there followed T. Cook & Son, Florida; that stood for their honeymoon journey. Next there came Met. O. H.; newly married, they went to the opera every Friday evening. This was their happiest time, for they recognized their own love in the communion of beauty and harmony in the country of dreams, in the land that lay back of the curtain.

Directly below was the number of his bank. That was his work, the vital power which gave him bread and the means to create a fireside and a home, the very base of existence and its foundation. The number had been crossed out, for the bank had failed. Finally he had found another position in a bank, but only after a long interval, after months of care and anxiety; several names and numbers were written in on the edge as of temporary importance.

Then a man's name, struck through with a pencil, recalled one of their friends of high social standing, suddenly ruined and obliged to leave the city, so fragile and unstable is the wealth of this world.

Immediately below, the lines of hasty pencil scribbling

commenced. The violet ink ceased abruptly. First came the name of the doctor; and then the simple word, mother. That was the mother-in-law's number, the gentle lady who, keeping discreetly on one side not to trouble the happiness of the new household, came so quickly, so quickly when appealed to in the time of sickness, so glad to be with them and to help them.

Rougher and more hasty grew the writing. The number of an employment agency; that was to engage the nurse. The druggists . . . things were more serious then . . . the dairy . . . only pasteurized milk was to be used. Then the names of the grocer, the butcher and the baker. The household seemed run entirely by the telephone. That was because the mistress of the house was no longer in her accustomed place. She was in bed sick.

What followed, the man could but dimly see. A mist had gathered before his eyes. He grew paler still and the hand that held the paper tightened until the knuckles showed white.

There was a blank space and below, written in trembling letters, the name of the funeral director, and a number now illegible as though blotted out by the stain of a tear, and beside it; "two coffins, one small, one large."

Then—nothing.

Only dust—the end of all things in this world! The man looked pitifully at the paper for a moment, then kissing it, put it in his pocket. In a few minutes he had relived years of his life.

He went out, his head held high, carrying with him a heart full of sorrow and tender memories. In his agony he thought to himself: "I have had all that is best on earth, a wife, a fireside, and my work! What is there left?"

D. R. Anderson.

WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood,
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness is the word."

By permission. *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

MYSELF AND ME

I'm the best pal that I ever had,
I like to be with me;
I like to sit and tell myself
Things confidentially.

I often sit and ask me
If I shouldn't or I should,
And I find that my advice to me
Is always pretty good.

I never got acquainted with
Myself till here of late;
And I find myself a bully chum,
I treat me simply great.

I talk with me and walk with me,
And show me right and wrong;
I never knew how well myself
And I could get along.

I never try to cheat me;
I'm as trustful as can be
No matter what may come or go,
I'm on the square with me.

It's great to know yourself and have
A pal that's all your own;
To be such company for yourself,
You're never left alone.

You'll try to dodge the masses,
  And you'll find the crowds a joke,
If you only treat yourself as well
  As you treat other folk.

I've made a study of myself,
  Compared with me the lot,
And I've finally concluded
  I'm the best friend I've got.

Just get together with yourself
  And trust yourself with you,
And you'll be surprised how well yourself
  Will like you if you do.

George Cohan.

LIFE

Man's life means
Tender 'teens,
Teachable Twenties,
Tireless Thirties,
Fiery Forties,
Forcible Fifties,
Serious Sixties,
Sacred Seventies,
Aching Eighties,
Shortening Breath,
Death,
The Sod,
God.

Joseph Cook.

IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

John W. Chadwick.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above—
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike, you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I shall question thee.
You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirt shall be whole;
I require your heart shall be true as God's stars,
As pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.
A king for a beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;

Will you love me, then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?
Is your heart an ocean so wide and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you would give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You hire with little pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE FINISH OF THE RACE

It is the *finish* that is the win or lose of the race. Despair not then, nor let oft-repeated falls discourage thee. Rise up quickly from every defeat, and go bravely forward, keeping thine eyes and thy heart steadfastly fixed upon the goal: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." Never give up the battle, but renew it day by day, and thou shalt be numbered with the "overcomers" at the "finish" of the race.

Author unknown.

THE IVY GREEN

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he!
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past;

For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Charles Dickens.

NOT KNOWING

I know not what shall befall me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And at each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year;
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

It may be He keeps waiting
Till the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,

Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It holds me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow,
But what the dear Lord chose,
So I send the coming tears back
With the whispered word, "He knows!"

Mary G. Brainard.

THE COPY OF A GREAT MAN'S THOUGHTS

Oh, conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every grief, every joy!

One person who, if all the rest of the world were to caluminate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word, who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care; who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all; from whom, except by death, night or day, you may never be divided; whose smile is ever at your hearth; who has no tears while you are well and happy and your love the same.

Such is marriage if they who marry have hearts and souls to feel that there is no bond on earth so tender and so sublime.

Anon.

THE ZIGZAG BOY AND GIRL

I know a little zigzag boy,
Who goes this way and that;
He never knows just where he puts
His coat, or shoes, or hat.

I know a little zigzag girl,
Who flutters here and there;
She never knows just where to find
Her brush to fix her hair.

If you are not a zigzag child,
You'll have no cause to say
That you forgot, for you will know
Where things are put away.

Selected.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

Jerusalem the golden,
  I languish for one gleam
Of all thy glory folden
  In distance and in dream.
My thoughts like palms in exile
  Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
  That lies so far away.

Jerusalem, the golden,
  When suns set in the west,
It seems the gate of glory,
  Thou city of the blest!
And midnight's starry torches,
  Through intermediate gloom,
Are waving with their welcome
  To thy eternal home.

Jerusalem, the golden,
  When loftily they sing
O'er pain and sorrow olden
  Forever triumphing;
Lowly may be the portal
  And dark may be the door,
The mansion is immortal—
  God's palace for his poor.

Jerusalem, the golden,
  There all our birds that flew,

Our flowers but half unfolden,
  Our pearls that turned to dew
And all the glad life music
  Now heard no longer here
Shall come again to greet us
  As we are drawing near.

Jerusalem, the golden,
  I toil on day by day,
Heartsore each night with longing,
  I stretch my hands and pray
That midst thy leaves of healing
  My soul shall find her nest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

Translation of an old Latin hymn.

MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth.

THE DREAMERS

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time.

The world has accoladed them with jeer and sneer and jibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give—who share but never spare—who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love, are not the fires which wrought their resolution into steel.

Grief only streaks their hair with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of destiny call to them from the unknown vasts. They dare uncharted seas, for they are makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which, but for one man's dream, would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river-bed and chain the islands to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the way—who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal, but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and the empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its

rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors—their vassals are the years.

Herbert Kaufman.

TINY THINGS

The murmur of a waterfall a mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights upon the spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream on dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill of a cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass at evening fall;
Too subtle are these harmonies for pen or rule,
Such music is not understood by any school,
But when the brain is overwrought, it hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power to make it well.

The memory of a kindly word far long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower sent lovingly,
The gleam of a sudden smile or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand, the tone of cheer,
That hush that means: I cannot speak but I have heard
The note that bears only a verse from God's own Word.
Such tiny things we hardly count as ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown scant sympathy,
But when the heart is overwrought, oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things to make it well!

Scranton Truth.

GOD KNOWS BEST

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favorite breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock,
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Caroline A. Mason.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

William Collins.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

W. H. Monk.

ODE TO MY LITTLE SON

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antics toy so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy! There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth—
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's elysium ever sunny—
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint—
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the Hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk—
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south—
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)

Bold as a hawk, yet gentle as the dove—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

Thomas Hood.

THE THREE FISHERS

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best;
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night wrack came rolling up ragged and brown!
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and water deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

An eminent physician of New York City, during one of his frequent "runs" to Ulster county, related a pathetic little incident that came under his knowledge a year or so ago. The doctor was in the country enjoying a rest. During a ramble one day he noticed a sickly looking boy of about eight years of age resting by the roadside. Near the child, and gazing tenderly at him, was a sweet-faced old lady, whom he called "Granny." The child touched his cap politely to the doctor, and the little wan face lit up at a few kindly remarks that were made by the stranger. A day or two afterward the doctor was told that an old lady and a little boy wished to see him.

"I could do nothing at all to stop his coming," exclaimed the woman. "He says over an' over, ever since the day he saw you, that you can make him well an' like other boys. He gives me no peace, night or day, an' so I have taken the liberty of bringing him here to you to cure."

"The faith of the old lady and her little grandchild was so touching," said the doctor, "that I resolved to do my very best to effect a cure, and, in time, the youngster was running about, strong and well as his companions." Last Thanksgiving day a home-made box was delivered by express at Dr. Shrady's home in New York City. The box contained a turkey and a little note, written in a boyish hand, which said:

"Dear doctor this is from the boy what you made

well i know the turkey is young and tender for i raised him from the egg myself."

"I have often received munificent fees from grateful patients that my skill has helped relieve," said the doctor, "but I was never more touched by a gift in all my professional experience than when that little country chap's turkey in the rough little box with the words 'expresses all pade' written on every side, was delivered to me."

Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.

A MORNING PRAYER

Oh, may I be strong and brave today,
And may I be kind and true;
And greet all men in a gracious way,
With frank good cheer in the things I say
And love in the deeds I do.

May the simple heart of a child be mine,
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine
And turn my face to the sky's glad shine,
With never a cloud of gloom.

With the golden levers of love and light
I would lift the world and when
Through a path with kindly deeds made bright
I come to the calm of the starlight night,
Let me rest in peace. Amen.

By permission. *Nixon Waterman.*

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not wholly done;
The work began when your first prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock,
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock,
She knows Omnipotence hath heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

Ophelia G. Browning.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA, 1809

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

Charles Wolfe.

GENTLE LIFE

This fair tree that shadows us from the sun hath grown many years in its place without more unhappiness than the loss of its leaves in winter, which the succeeding season doth generously repair, and shall we be less contented in the place where God has planted us? Or shall there go less time to the making of a man than to the growth of a tree? This stream floweth dimpling and laughing down to the great sea which it knoweth not, yet it doth not fret because the future is hidden; and it were doubtless wise in us to accept the mysteries of life as cheerfully and go forward with a merry heart, considering that we know enough to make us happy and keep us honest for today. A man should be well content if he can see so far ahead of him as the next bend in the stream. What lies beyond let him trust in the hand of God.

By permission. *Henry Van Dyke.*

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT

I was sitting alone, toward the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting,
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts.
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meager success I had won;

"It is nothing but 'wood, hay and stubble.' "
I said; "It will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day will be returned.

"And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when he sees such building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! She wanted to help me,
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But, oh, what a botch she had made it—
The gray mismatching the blue.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought, when the Master-Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew,

Perhaps as he looks o'er the building
He will bring my work to the light,

And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I said for her,
"Dear child! She wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur."

So my thoughts are never more gloomy
My faith no longer is dim,
And my heart is strong and restful
And my eyes are turned toward Him.

Mrs. Herrick Johnson.

THE LONG WAIT

Bill Nye, when a young man, once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving of a Sunday afternoon. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken out save one old, shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's residence. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then on viewing the disreputable outfit, flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young steed."

Harper's Weekly.

TRANSFIGURED

To careless eyes she is not fair:
This verdict careless lips declare,
And wonder why, against the charm
Of beauty, vivid, rich and warm
The face they deem so cold and dull
To him should be so beautiful.

Are they too dull to see aright?
Hath he a quicker, keener sight?
Or is it that indifference
Than love hath clearer, truer sense?
Now, is he right or wrong? Oh, say,
Doth he behold her face, or they?

Her eyes into his own eyes shine
With strange illumining; a sign
Is on her brow; a palimpsest
To his own gaze alone confessed;
On him, in gravely gracious mood,
She smiles her soul's beatitude.

This is the face she turns to him,
Oh, say not 'tis a lover's whim
That finds it fair; nor are they dull
Who say she is not beautiful.
For strangest of all mysteries,
They never see the face he sees—
That face no artist's skill can limn
The love-fair face she turns to him.

Carlotta Perry.

IMMORTALITY

Critics pronounce this one of the daintiest productions of its kind in existence.

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came;
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from man to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.

The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,

Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation;
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How would we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."

"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have not wings?
If we can't skim the air like owl or bat,
A worm will turn for a' that."
They argued through the summer; autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding sheet.
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon;
All through the winter's chilling blast they lay
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.
Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall forever be
A sign of immortality.

Joseph Jefferson.

Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WEIGHING THE BABY

Starr was the outgrown baby now; there was a new baby in the nursery — a very, very new one. He was so new that Starr was sure he could not feel much acquainted yet with anybody, and that was why he cried so often.

"He's kind of homesick, I guess," Starr said. "Course he cries! I cried that time I was at my grandfather's 'thout my mother. Folks always cry when they're homesick."

There were so many beautiful things about that new baby! Starr haunted the nursery all day long, to make sure of not missing any of them. He watched Nurse Mary wash and dress the baby every morning in front of the open fire. That was the most beautiful thing of all! Such round, dimply little elbows and knees! curly, curly little legs! Such a soft little fuzz on the small, round head that Nurse Mary insisted was hair!

Every week they weighed the new baby, and every week he had gained about half a pound. It surprised Starr a little, and made him rather uncertain about the homesick theory.

"I didn't gain half-pounds when I was homesick," he reflected. "I got just as unfat, an' he keeps a-gettin' fatter! Maybe that isn't the reason he cries."

The eighth week the new baby weighed fifteen pounds, and Starr was very proud indeed—as proud, Nurse Mary said, as if he weighed fifteen pounds himself. He got his slate and pencil and "reduced" the fifteen pounds to ounces, to make it sound still more

splendid. Starr was "in" denominative numbers now, in his 'rithmetic, so he could do a little sum like that as easy as anything.

"One hundred 'n' eighty," he announced, looking up from his slate. Then he hurried back to the nursery to tell Nurse Mary.

"The baby weighs a hundred 'n' eighty ounces," he said, triumphantly; "twelve times fifteen, you know —that's the way you do it. There's twelve ounces in a pou"—

"Twelve," exclaimed Nurse Mary in surprise, "I thought in my time sixteen ounces made a pound."

"Avoirdupois weight," Starr said, looking scornful, "but the baby's *Troy* weight."

"Troy weight?" Nurse Mary looked up over the new baby's little bald head in more surprise still. The scorn on Starr's face grew and grew till it covered up all his little gold-brown freckles.

"*Course*, Troy weight!" he cried. "I hope you don't s'pose we'd weigh the baby avoirdupois, same as coal and flour and—and butter! It's Troy weight you weigh precious things by—gold and silver and di'monds —and the baby." And Starr dropped a kiss into the little, warm, sweet well of the baby's neck.

Sunday School Visitor.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

Shakespeare.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

These lines were written in response to President Abraham Lincoln's call for volunteers for three year's service, issued July 2, 1862.

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hilltops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag, in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;

And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs.
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door;
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

Author unknown.

TO MY FRIEND ON HER EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

Transpose! hey, presto! it is done!
Eighteen is changed to eighty-one!
How much such trifling change may mean.
A woman's lifetime lies between,
With all she's thought and done and seen.
Twixt 81 and young 18.

Would she again the figures change?
I doubt. If so, her feet might range
Some path that led not near that friend,
Lover and husband to the end,
Who walked with her toward set of sun
From nigh 18 to 81.

Each thinks he would have changed his lot,
But so, believe me, would he not.

No path like that which winds and bends,
Marked by the milestones of our friends,
O'er arid spaces and o'er green
From 81 back to 18.

What mean the phrases "young and old"?
Just arbitrary terms, I hold.
Dull spirit, unresponsive heart,
No throb for friends, or books, or art.
This is old age wherever seen,
In 81 or in 18.

Old Time can change the husk alone,
Within unchanged is she we've known.
Warm heart, free hand and open mind,
A gracious mien, a manner kind,
All these the years have not undone,
Betwixt 18 and 81.

Eighteen years old was once her boast,
Now "eighty-one years young" we toast,
For who shall dare to gauge the soul
By years? 'Tis not in Time's control.
As young in heart is she I ween,
At 81 as at 18.

Ann Virginia Culbertson.

BE SURE

Be sure that on Life's common street
Are crossways, where God's chariots meet.

Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D.

LITTLE HAL

Old Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone—
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein;
All eyes were turned on high;
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky.
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air;
To that far height none dared to go—
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed, but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As, riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped
"O God, thy will be done!"

Then suddenly a rifle grasped
And aimed it at his son;
"Jump—far out, boy, into the wave,
Jump, or I fire," he said;
"That only chance your life can save!
Jump! Jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sank—he rose—he lived—he moved,
And for the ship struck out;
On board we haled the lad beloved
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms 'round his neck,
And folded to his heart his boy—
Then fainted on the deck. *Colton.*

WHATEVER THE WEATHER MAY BE

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say,—
Supposin' today was the winterest day,
Wud the weather be changing because ye cried,
Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make yer own summer," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,

It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in the tree,
An' the fruit on the stim o' the bough," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the Spring, wid its green an' gold,
An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold;
An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling face,
As ye sit at yer heart, like an owld fire-place,
An' toast the toes o' yer sowl," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

From "Songs o' Cheer," copyright 1905. Used by special permission of the publishers The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

EVER TRUE

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!

Selected.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of *The Sun:*

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says "If you see it in *The Sun*, it's so." Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

115 West Ninety-fifth St.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds.

All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have on

enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus.

The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

By permission. *Casual Essays of the Sun.*

GARFIELD ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this Nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the Nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men. Awe-stricken by his voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with God and each other that this Nation should be saved from its enemies; that all its glories should be restored. It remains for us, consecrated by that great event, and under that covenant with God, t keep the faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed. Following the lead of that great man, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember:

He has sounded forth his trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet,
For God is marching on.

For an hundred that can bear adversity, there is hardly one that can bear prosperity. *Carlyle.*

THE VERACIOUS HUNTING STORIES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

"It was several months before I could obtain a commission in the army, and for several months I was perfectly at liberty to sport away my time and money in the most gentlemanlike manner. You may easily imagine that I spent much of both out of town, with such gallant fellows as knew how to make the most of an open forest country.

"The very recollection of these amusements gives me fresh spirits, and creates a warm wish for a repetition of them. One morning I saw through the windows of my bedroom that a large pond not far off was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran down stairs and out of the house in such a hurry that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew from out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intentions; I soon came within shot, when levelling my piece, I observed to my sorrow that even the flint had sprung from the cock, by the violence of the shock I had just received.

"There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had on my eyes, therefore opened the pan, leveled my piece against the wild fowl, and my fist against one of my eyes. (The Baron's eyes have retained fire ever since, and appear particularly illuminated when he relates this anecdote.) A hearty blow drew sparks again; the shot went off, and I killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgeons and three couple

of teals. Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. . . . . .

"You have heard, I dare say, of the hunter's and sportsman's saint and patron, St. Hubert, and of the noble stag that appeared to him in the forest with the holy cross between its antlers. I have paid my homage to that saint every year in good fellowship and seen this stag a thousand times, either painted in churches or embroidered on the stars of his knights; so that upon the honor of a good sportsman, I hardly know whether there may not have been formerly, or whether there are not such crossed stags even at the present day.

"But rather let me tell what I have seen myself. Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon it a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would allow. Thus I let fly at him and hit him just on the middle of forehead between his antlers; it stunned him—he staggered—yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine, full-grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground with one shot, which at once gave me the haunch, and cherry sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like of which I had never tasted before."

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

Had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain; and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world!

Had the ground been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock in the morning. The battle would have been won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune.

The Emperor rose and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons, and they had behind them a strong support.

Aide-de-camp Bernard brought them the Emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabers

drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descended with even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering ram opening a breach.

An odd numerical coincidence—twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting, calm, silent, and immovable.

They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clinking of the sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host.

There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabers appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces, with gray moustaches, crying "*Vive l'Empereur!*" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury,

and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slopes. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat. The whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf; and when the grave was full of living men, the rest rode over them and passed on. Almost a third of Dubois' brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the sunken road of Ohain. This undoubtedly comprised all the other bodies thrown into this ravine on the morrow after the battle.

Napoleon, before ordering this charge of Milhaud's cuirassiers, had examined the ground, but could not see this hollow road, which did not make even a wrinkle on the surface of the plateau. Warned, however, and put on his guard by the little white chapel which marks

its junction with the Nivelles road, he had, probably on the contingency of an obstacle, put a question to the guide Lacoste. The guide had answered "No." It may almost be said that from this shake of a peasant's head came the catastrophe of Napoleon.

The cuirassiers, relatively few in number, lessened by the catastrophe of the ravine, had to contend with almost the whole of the English army; but they multiplied themselves—each man became equal to ten. Nevertheless, some Hanoverian battalions fell back. Wellington saw it, and remembered his cavalry. Had Napoleon, at that very moment, remembered his infantry, he would have won the battle. This forgetfulness was his great, fatal blunder.

Suddenly the assailing cuirassiers perceived that they were assailed. The English cavalry was upon their back. Before them the squares, behind them Somerset—Somerset, with the fourteen hundred dragoon guards. Somerset had on his right Domberg, with his German light-horse; and on his left Trip, with the Belgian carbineers. The cuirassiers, attacked front, flank, and rear, by infantry and cavalry, were compelled to face in all directions. What was that to them? They were a whirlwind. Their valor became unspeakable.

The cuirassiers annihilated seven squares out of thirteen, took or spiked sixty pieces of cannon, and took from the English regiments six colors, which three cuirassiers and three chasseurs of the guard carried to the Emperor before the farm of La Belle Alliance. The situation of Wellington was growing worse. This strange

battle was like a duel between two wounded infuriates, who, while yet fighting and resisting, lose all their blood. Which of the two shall fall first?

At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these sombre words, "Blucher, or night!" It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frichemont. Here is the turning-point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known: the irruption of a third army; the battle thrown out of joint; eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth; a new battle falling at nightfall upon our dismantled regiments; the whole English line assuming the offensive, and pushing forward; the gigantic gap made in the French army; the English grape and the Prussian grape lending mutual aid; extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank; the Guard entering into line amid the terrible crumbling.

Each battalion of the Guard, for this final effort, was commanded by a general. When the tall caps of the grenadiers of the Guard, with their large eagle-plates, appeared, symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm, in the smoke of that conflict, the enemy felt respect for France. They thought they saw twenty victories entering upon the field of battle, with wings extended, and those who were conquerors, thinking themselves conquered, recoiled; but Wellington cried, "Up, Guards, and at them!"

The red regiment of English Guards, lying behind the hedges, rose up. A shower of grape riddled the tri-colored flag fluttering about our eagles; all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. The

Imperial Guard felt the army slipping away around them in the gloom and in the vast overthrow of the rout: they heard the *"Sauve qui peut!"* which had replaced the *"Vive l'Empereur!"* and, with flight behind them, they held on their course, battered more and more, and dying faster and faster, at every step.

The Prussian cavalry, just come up, spring forward, fling themselves upon the enemy, saber, cut, hack, kill, exterminate. Teams rush off; the guns are left to the care of themselves; the soldiers of the train unhitch the caissons, and take the horses to escape; wagons upset, with their four wheels in the air, block up the road, and are accessories of massacre.

They crush and they crowd; they trample upon the living and the dead. Arms are broken. A multitude fills roads, paths, bridges, plains, hills, valleys, woods, choked up by the flight of forty thousand men. Cries, despair; knapsacks and muskets cast into the growing rye; passages forced at the point of the sword: no more comrades, no more officers, no more generals; inexpressible dismay.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and, with bewildered eye, was returning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

Victor Hugo.

THE MINUET

Grandma told me all about it;
Told me so I couldn't doubt it—
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago.
How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
Smiling like a human rose!
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheek, too—oh, how funny!
Really, quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.
Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking,
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago.)
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her smile so kind and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk,
Long ago.
No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly curtsying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.
Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago.

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.
In time to come, if I perchance
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did, my dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

Mary Mapes Dodge.

IF I WERE YOU

If I were you, I often say
To those who seem to need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped;
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh—
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd ne'er discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow-men;
I'd think of all their virtues first,
And scan my own shortcomings then.
But though all this is good and true,
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and light a fool
I was myself. I don't, because—
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care
Should chase my cheery smile away;
I'd scatter round me love and hope:
I'd do a kindness every day.
But here again I find it true
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick
To take offence, if I were you;

I would respect myself, at least,
Whatever others say or do.
Alas! can no one tell me why
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you
And could forget that I was I;
I think that little cherub wings
Would sprout upon me, by and by.

George H. Murphy.

A TRIBUTE TO CHARLES DICKENS

Her majesty the queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") has written the following verses in commemoration of the establishment of the "Tiny Tim" Cot in the Royal Portsmouth Hospital of London:

I love him so for all the good
His soul was wont to see
In wretched, torn, misunderstood,
Unknown humanity.

In the darkness he found light; in pain
And error love divine.
He taught sad hearts to laugh again,
And hidden gold to shine.

He heard the Christmas carols ring,
He pitied moth and snake,
And had a song for ev'ry wing,
And balm for ev'ry ache!

Carmen Sylva.

LIBERTY OR DEATH!

The following speech, delivered by Patrick Henry March 23, 1775, in the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, sounded the death knell of British rule in the Colonies:

Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

. . . . . .

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and

have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

. . . . . .

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone; there is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir; Let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

WHEN TIME COMES CREEPING

When I noticed your ad in the *Fra*, asking for selections for your edition of "Heart Throbs" Volume Two, there came to my mind lines written long ago by Elizabeth Gould, which appealed to me because they are so pathetic and so true, for we forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no apology and knows no reason why the old time caress should be a thing of the past. I recall the lines, but do not remember that there was any title to the same.

Put your arm around me—
There, like that;
I want a little petting, at life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave,
When old time comes creeping,
And finds us weeping,
Loved ones gone;
Just a little petting, at life's setting,
For I'm old, alone, and tired,
And my long life's work is done.

Elizabeth Gould.

NOW

If you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in Spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
Tomorrow may not come your way.
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now.

Anon.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love *ad libitum* and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty.

H. M. S.

LINES ON BACK OF A CONFEDERATE NOTE

Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the waters below it,
As a pledge of a Nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it;
Show it to those who will lend an ear
To the tale that this trifle can tell,
Of a liberty born of a patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.
Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued today our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow.
The days rolled by and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare, that the treasury'd quake
If a dollar should drop in the till.
But the faith that was in us was strong indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold each soldier received it—
It gazed in our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each Southern patriot believed it.
But our boys thought little of price or of pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew if it brought us our bread today,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.

Keep it; it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the angel Hope,
Like our hope of success, "it passed."

Major S. A. Jones.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best? *Selected.*

MY LITTLE SON

My little son, my little son, he calls to me forever
Across the gulfs and through the mists which shroud him from my sight;
I hear him in the noonday, in the midst of all the turmoil,
I hear him, oh, so plainly, in the silence of the night.

My son, my little son, I see in clearest vision
The merry face, the deep, clear eyes, the crown of golden hair.
But these, ah, these are sleeping where the hillside glows with sunset.
And the little boy, my darling that I loved so, is not there.

My little son, my little son, there are starry paths at night-time,
Above the swaying tree-tops where the birds are fast asleep;
Does he wander up and down them with the winds in endless play-time?
Does he read in sudden manhood all the wonders of the deep?

My little son, my little son, he hovers ever near me,
I meet him in the garden walks, he speaks in wind and rain;
He comes and nestles by me on my pillow in the darkness,
Till the golden hands of sunrise draw him back to God again.

George Frederick Scott.

YOUR FIRST SWEETHEART

You never can forget her. She was so very young and innocent and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her hymn book in church. She alone, of all the world, did not think you a boy of eighteen, but wondered at your size, and your learning, and of your faint foreshadowing of a sandy moustache, and believed you every inch a man. When at those stupid evening parties, when boys who should have been in the nursery and girls who should have eaten suppers of bread and milk and gone to sleep hours before, waltzed and flirted, and made themselves ill over oysters and late suppers, you were favored by a glance of her eye or a whisper from her lip, you ascended to the seventh heaven immediately. When once upon a certain memorable eve she polkaed with the druggist's clerk, and never looked at you, how miserable you were. It is funny to think of now, but it was not so funny then, for you were awfully in earnest.

Once, at a picnic, she wore a white dress, and had roses twined in her black hair, and she looked so like a bride that you fairly trembled. Some time, you thought, in just such snowy costume, with just such blossoms in her hair, she might stand beside the altar, and you, most blessed of all mortals, might place a golden ring upon her finger; and when you were left alone with her for a moment some of your thoughts would form themselves into words, and though she blushed and ran away, and would not let you kiss her,

she did not seem angry. And then you were parted, somehow, for a little while, and when you met again she was walking with a gentleman of twenty-eight or thirty, and had neither word nor smile for you. Shortly after this some well-meaning gossip informed you that she was engaged to the tall gentleman and that it was a "splendid match." It was terrible news to you, and sent you off to the great city, where, after a good deal of youthful grief, and many resolutions to die and haunt her, you recovered your equanimity, and began to make money and to call love stuff and nonsense.

You have a rich wife of your own now, and grown children—aye, even two or three toddling grandchildren about your hearth; your hair is gray, and you lock your heart up in the fireproof safe at your counting-house when you go home at night. And you thought you had forgotten that little episode of your nineteenth year, until the other day when you read of her death. You know she had come to be a rather stout matron who wore glasses, but your heart went back and you saw her smiling and blushing, with her golden hair, dreaming of wedding robes and rings, and you laid your gray old head upon your office desk and wept for the memory of your first sweetheart.

From an Old Scrapbook.

The shallows murmur
But the deeps are dumb.

Ascribed to Goethe.

BABY BELL

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the glistening depths of even,—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers,—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

She came, and brought delicious May.
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunlight, in and out the leaves,
The robins went the livelong day;
The lily swung its noiseless bell;
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!
Oh, earth was full of singing birds

And opening spring-tide flowers,
When the dainty Baby Bell
Came to this world of ours!

Oh, Baby, dainty Baby Bell,
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
Of those oped gates of Paradise.
And so we loved her more and more:
Ah, never in our hearts before
Was love so lovely born:
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land beyond the morn;
And for the love of those dear eyes,
The love of her whom God led forth,
(The mother's being ceased on earth
When Baby came from Paradise),—
For love of Him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain.

And now the orchards, which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime;

And clustered apples burnt like flame,
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;
And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Baby Bell.
Her lissome form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face.
Her angel-nature ripened too:
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now:—
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame!

God's hand had taken away the seal
That held the portals of her speech;
And oft she said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
She never was a child to us,
We never held her being's key;
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity.

It came upon us by degrees,
We saw its shadow ere it fell,—
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Baby Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,

And all our thoughts ran into tears
    Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"Oh, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her heart was folded deep in ours.
    Our hearts are broken, Baby Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
    The messenger from unseen lands:
And what did dainty Baby Bell?
    She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted back her silken hair,
We wove the roses round her brow,—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow,—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers!
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
    Out of this world of ours!

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A LITTLE PRAYER

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
  From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
  And make me live to Thee. *Anne Steele.*

AND THESE WORDS WERE CARVED OVER HIS MANTEL

"I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened."

When the world seems dark and you seem to see trouble ahead—read the above.

CLARIBEL'S PRAYER

The day with cold gray feet clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell,
But Waking Blue Eyes smiled, " 'Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best; and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel.

Then sank she on her knees, with eager, lifted hands;
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell:
"O Father, smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her free, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And Father,"—still arose another pleading prayer—
"Oh, save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell,
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" wept little Claribel.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the shouts of Freedom swell,

Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When gray and dreary day shook hands with grayer night
The heavy air was thrilled with clangor of a bell.
"Oh, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"'Tis victory! Oh, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But, pray you, soldier, was my brother in the fight?
And in the fiery rain? Oh, fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?"
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother evermore with conquerors shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing crowns, and bearing palms," he said.
A snow of sudden fear upon the rose-lips fell.

"Oh, sweetest herald, say my brother lives," she plead.
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel.
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night-wind rose and fell.
"O child," the herald wept, " 'tis as the dear Lord wills:
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis well."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

Lynde Palmer.

REAL VICTORY

To forgive wrongs darker than death and night;
To suffer woes that hope thinks infinite;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From her own wrecks the thing she contemplates;
Never to change, nor falter, nor repent,
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, brave and joyous, beautiful and free;
This above life, love, empire and victory.

Shelley.

Of speech unguarded
Man doth oft repent
But not of keeping silence.

King Robert of Jerusalem.

TRUE

The following poem is noteworthy not only for its beauty, but for the remarkable fact that its 252 words are all monosyllables. The poem appears to have been written without a thought of its structural peculiarity.

The fair frail blooms which loved the sun
Grew faint at touch of cold,
And chilled and pale, fell one by one,
Dead in the dust and mold.

In yon tall tree, now bleached and thinned.
A nest swings frayed and lone.
All soaked with rain and rent by wind,—
Its fair freight fledged and flown.

Where are the birds, the moths, the bees,
And scores of glad free things
Which thronged the ground, the grass, the trees,
Or thrilled the air with wings?

Gone with the warmth, and bloom and light
Born of the sun and sky,
Ere yet there fell this grief and blight,
And the chill night drew nigh.

On the low bough that arched the gate
When days were warm and long,
A wren, that has no nest or mate,
Droops, all too sad for song.

Shorn of its fruit, still clings the vine,
Its fair robes torn and sere;

No tint is left, nor sound, nor sign,
Of all that June held dear.

But here, where down the dim, wet walks
The blanched leaves whirl and beat,
One rose looks through the bare brown stalks,
And charms the air with sweet,—

As one brave heart, when all the truth
On earth seems dead or lost,
Still keeps the faith and fire of youth,
And smiles in spite of frost.

Ah, though the friends I once held dear
Are far, or false, or flown,
I need not grieve, for you are here,
My hope, my love, my own!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Frances S. Osgood.

SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS

If sweethearts were sweethearts always,
Whether as maid or wife,
No drop would be half as pleasant
In the mingled draught of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes
When the wife has frowns and sighs,
And the wife's have a wrathful glitter
For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always—
The same to sweetheart and wife,
Who would change for a future of Eden
The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent,
And care on the anxious brow
Oft replaces the sunshine that perished
With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart
Is wife and sweetheart still—
Whose voice, as of old, can charm;
Whose kiss, as of old, can thrill;

Who has plucked the rose to find ever
Its beauty and fragrance increase,
As the flush of passion is mellowed
In love's unmeasured peace.

Daniel O'Connell.

LINCOLN'S HEART THROBS

(From speech by Chauncey Depew at centenary celebration.)

President Lincoln rarely, with all his wit, humor and faculty for apt illustration, said anything which would hurt the feelings of his hearer. He cared little for poetry, but in early youth he had found in an old almanac a poem which he committed to memory and repeated often all through his life. It was entitled "Mortality," and the first verse was:

> "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
> Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> He passes from life to his rest in the grave."

He reverenced the sentiment of that poem. Probably reminiscent of the loved and lost he often repeated this verse from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> "The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom;
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb."

"With malice toward none, with charity for all." This line, in one of his inaugurals, summed up the philosophy of his life. He was six feet four inches in height, with muscles of steel, and in early life among the rough, cruel, hard-drinking youth of the neighborhood was the strongest of them all, but his strength was always used to protect the weak against the strong, and to humble the bully, who is the terror of such

communities. During his youth and early manhood he lived where drinking was so common it was the habit, and the young men were all addicted to whiskey and tobacco chewing, but the singular purity of his nature was such that notwithstanding the ridicule of his surroundings, he never used either alcohol or tobacco. He is our only President who came to that great office from absolutely original American frontier conditions.

I first saw Mr. Lincoln when he stepped off his car for a few minutes at Peekskill, while on his way to Washington for his inauguration. He was cheerful and light-hearted, though he traveled through crowds, many of whom were enemies, part of the time in secret and all the time in danger of assassination. I met him frequently three years afterward when care, anxiety and long-continued overwork had made him look prematurely aged.

I was one of the committee in charge of the funeral train which was bearing his body to his home while on its way through the state of New York. The hostile hosts of four years before were now standing about the roadway with bared heads, weeping. As we sped over the rails at night the scene was the most pathetic ever witnessed. At every crossroads the glare of innumerable torches illumined the whole population, from age to infancy, kneeling on the ground and their clergymen leading in prayers and hymns. The casket was placed in the Capitol at Albany that we all might have a farewell look at the great President. The youthful confidence of my first view was gone, also the troubled

and worn look of the closing years of his labors, but there rested upon the pallid face and noble brow an expression in death of serenity, peace and happiness.

We are celebrating within a few months of each other the tercentenary of Milton and the centenaries of Poe and Darwin. Our current literature of the daily, weekly and monthly press is full of eulogy of the Puritan poet, of his influence upon English literature and the English language, and of his immortal work, "Paradise Lost." There are not in this vast audience twenty people who have read "Paradise Lost," while there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the United States who has not read Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. Few gathered to pay tribute to that remarkable genius, Edgar Allan Poe, and yet in every schoolhouse in the land today the children are reciting or hearing read extracts from the address of Lincoln. Darwin carved out a new era in scientific research and established the truth of one of the most beneficent principles for the progress and growth of the world. Yet Darwin's fame and achievements are for the select few in the higher realms of liberal learning. But for Lincoln the acclaim goes up today to him as one of the few foremost men of all the ages, from statesmen and men of letters of every land, from the halls of Congress and of the legislatures, from the seats of justice, from colleges and universities, and above and beyond all, from the homes of the plain people of the United States.

Chauncey Depew.

BORROWIN' THE BABY

Good mornin'. My ma sent me
To ast you how you was,
An' hope you're well—you know 'at is
Th' way she allus does.
My ma, she sez you're strangers,
But then she kind o' thought
She'd like to borry th' baby
'At you folkses has got.

My ma sets by th' window
An' watches you an' him,
An' kind o' smiles an' cries at onct,
'Cause he's like baby Jim.
Who's Jim? He was *our* baby—
We named him after pa.
Say, can we borry your baby
A little while for ma?

My ma, she sez she wouldn't
Mind if your baby cried—
She sez 'at's music in her ears
Since little Jim has died.
She sez she'll be good to him,
An' she'd like a whole lot
If we can borry th' baby
'At you folkses has got.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

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THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

(Senator Elihu Root's favorite selection)

How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bonds
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man—
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest;
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view —
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to Fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

Albert G. Greene.

OUR COUNTRY

Our Country! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,
That from ocean to ocean the Land overblown
By the winds and the shadows is Liberty's own—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where Manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! whose story the angels record—
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers, and love, like the sun,
Illumine the earth till the nations are one—
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Edna Dean Proctor.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

Alpha

Night. Silence. A struggle for the light.

And he did not know what light was. An effort to cry. And he did not know that he had a voice.

He opened his eyes "and there was light."

He had never used his eyes before, but he could see with them.

He parted his lips and hailed this world with a cry for help.

A tiny craft in sight of new shores; he wanted his latitude and longitude. He could not tell from what port he had cleared; he did not know where he was. He had no reckoning, no chart, no pilot.

He did not know the language of the planet upon which Providence had cast him. So he saluted them in the one universal speech of God's creatures—a cry. Everybody, every one of God's children, understands that.

Nobody knew whence he came. Someone said: "He came from heaven." They did not even know the name of the little life that came throbbing out of the darkness into the light. They had only said: "If it should be a girl."

And the baby himself knew as little about it as did the learned people gathered to welcome him. He heard them speak. He had never used his ears until now, but he could hear them. "A good cry," someone said. He did not understand, but he kept on crying.

Possibly he had never entertained any conception of the world into whose citizenship he was now received, but evidently he did not like it. The noises of it were harsh to his sensitive nerves. There was a man's voice —the doctor's, strong and reassuring. And one was a mother's voice. There was none other like it. It was the first music he had heard in this world. And the sweetest.

By and by somebody laughed softly and said, in coaxing tones:

"There—there—there—give him his dinner."

His face was laid close against the fount of life, warm and white and tender. Nobody told him what to do. Nobody taught him. He knew. Placed suddenly on the guest list of this changing old caravansary, he knew his way at once to two places—his bedroom and the dining-room.

He looked young, but made himself at home with the easy assurance of an old traveler. Knew the best room in the house, demanded it, and got it. Nestled into his mother's arms as though he had been measured for them.

Found that "gracious hollow that God made" in his mother's shoulder that fit his head as pillows of down never could. Cried when they took him away from it when he was a tiny baby "with no language but a cry."

Cried once again, twenty-five or thirty years afterward, when God took it away from him. All the languages he had learned, and all the elegant phrasing

the colleges had taught him, could not then voice the sorrow of his heart so well as the tears he tried to check.

Poor little baby! Had to go to school the first day he got here. He had to begin his lessons at once. Got praised when he learned them. Got punished when he missed them.

Bit his own toes and cried when he learned there was pain in this world. Studied the subject forty years before he learned how many more ways suffering can be self-inflicted.

Reached for the moon and cried because he couldn't get it. Reached for the candle and cried because he could. First lessons in mensuration. Took him fifty or sixty years of hard reading to learn why God put so many beautiful things out of our longing reach.

By and by he learned to laugh. That came later than some of the other things—much later than crying. It is a higher accomplishment. It is much harder to learn and much harder to do. He never cried unless he wished and felt just like it. But he learned to laugh many, many times when he wanted to cry.

Grew so that he could laugh with a heart so full of tears they glistened in his eyes. When people praised his laughter the most—"it was in his very eyes," they said.

Laughed, one baby day, to see the motes dance in the sunshine. Laughed at them once again, though not quite so cheerily, many years later, when he discovered they were only motes.

Cried, one baby day, when he was tired of play and wanted to be lifted in the mother arms and sung to

sleep. Cried again one day when his hair was white because he was tired of work and wanted to be lifted in the arms of God and hushed to rest.

Wished half his life that he was a man. Then he turned around and wished all the rest of it that he was a boy.

Seeing, hearing, playing, working, resting, believing, suffering and loving, all his life long he kept on learning the same things he began to study when he was a baby.

OMEGA

Until at last, when he had learned all his lessons and school was out, somebody lifted him, just as they had done at first. Darkened was the room and quiet now, as it had been then. Other people stood about him, very like the people who stood there at that other time.

There was a doctor now, as then; only this doctor wore a grave look and carried a book in his hand. There was a man's voice—the doctor's, strong and reassuring. There was a woman's voice, low and comforting.

The mother voice had passed into silence. But that was the one he could most distinctly hear. The others he heard, as he heard voices like them years ago. He could not then understand what they said; he did not understand them now.

He parted his lips again, but all his school-acquired wealth of many-syllabled eloquence, all his clear, lucid phrasing, had gone back to the old inarticulate cry.

Somebody at his bedside wept. Tears now, as then. But now they were not from his eyes.

Then someone bending over him said, "He came from heaven," Now someone, stooping above him, said, "He has gone to heaven." The blessed, unfaltering faith that welcomed him now bade him godspeed, just as loving and trusting as ever, one unchanging thing in this world of change.

So the baby had walked in a little circle after all, as all men, lost in a great wilderness, are said always to do.

As was written thousands of years ago: "The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark."

He felt weary now, as he was tired then. By and by, having then for the first time opened his eyes, now for the last time he closed them. And so, as one who in the gathering darkness retraces his steps by a half-remembered path, much in the same way as he had come into this world he went out of it.

Silence. Light.

R. J. Burdette.

From "Chimes From a Jester's Bells," copyright 1897.
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I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

Abraham Lincoln.

THE BREAKING PLOW

I am the plow that turns the sod
That has lain for a thousand years;
Where the prairie's wind-tossed flowers nod
And the wolf her wild cub rears,
I come, and in my wake, like rain,
Is scattered the golden seed;
I change the leagues of lonely plain
To fruitful gardens and fields of grain
For men and their hungry breed.

I greet the earth in its rosy morn,
I am first to stir the soil,
I bring the glory of wheat and corn
For the crowning of those who toil;
I am civilization's seal and sign
Yea, I am the mighty pen
That writes the sod with a pledge divine,
A promise to pay with bread and wine
For the sweat of honest men.

I am the end of things that were,
And the birth of things to be,
My coming makes the earth to stir
With a new and strange decree;
After its slumbers, deep and long,
I waken the drowsy sod,
And sow my furrow with lifts of song
To gladden the heart of the mighty throng
Slow feeling the way to God.

A thousand summers the prairie rose
  Has gladdened the hermit bee,
A thousand winters the drifting snows
  Have whitened the grassy sea;
Before me curls the wavering smoke
  Of the Indian's smoldering fire,
Behind me rise —was it God who spoke?—
At the toil-enchanted hammer's stroke,
  The town and the glittering spire.

I give the soil to the one who *does*,
  For the joy of him and his,
I rouse the slumbering world that was
  To the diligent world that is;
Oh, seer with vision that looks away
  A thousand years from now,
The marvelous nation your eyes survey,
Was born of the purpose that here, today,
  Is guiding the breaking plow.

By permission. *Nixon Waterman.*

JUDGE NOT

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
  I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
  Between the two, where God has not.

By permission. *Joaquin Miller.*

CHILDE HAROLD'S ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN

It was in description and meditation that Byron excelled. . . . (Yet). His descriptions, great as was their intrinsic merit, derived their principal interest from the feeling which always mingled with them. He was himself the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry, the hero of every tale, the chief object in every landscape. Harold, Lara, Manfred and a crowd of other characters were universally considered merely as loose incognitos of Byron; and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. The wonders of the outer world, the Tagus with the mighty fleets of England riding on its bosom, the towers of Cintra overhanging the shaggy forest of cork trees and willows, the glaring marble of Pentelicus, the banks of the Rhine, the glaciers of Clarens, the sweet lake of Leman, the dell of Egeria, with its summer birds and rustling lizards, the shapeless ruins of Rome overgrown with ivy and wallflowers, the stars, the sea, the mountains, all were mere accessories, the background to one dark and melancholy figure.—*Macaulay.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him to earth again—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts—not so thou
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime;
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; e'en from thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean; and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Byron.

FORGET THEE?

"Forget thee?"—If to dream by night and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If wingèd thoughts that flit to thee—a thousand in an hour,

If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?"—Bid the forest-birds forget their sweetest tune;
"Forget thee?"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its "mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot;—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart shall grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, O bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining love;
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

John Moultrie.

JOSH BILLINGS ON GONGS

Josh Billings relateth his first experience with the gong thusly:

I never can erradicate holi from mi memory the sound ov the fust gong I ever herd. I was settin on the front steps ov a tavern in the sitty of Buffalo, pensively smokin. The sun was goin to bed, and the hevins for an hour was blushin at the performance. The Ery knal, with its golden waters, was on its way to Albany, and I was perusin the line botes a flotin by, and thinkin ov Italy (where I usen to liv), and her gondolers and gallus wimmin. My entire sole wuz, as it were, in a swet. I wanted to klime, I felt grate, I actually grew.

There are things in this life tu big tu be trifled with; there are times when a man breakes luce from hisself, when he sees sperrets, when he can almost tuch the mune, and feel as tho he kud fill both hands with the stars uv hevin, and almost sware he was a bank president. That's what ailed me.

But the korse of true luv never did run smoothe (this is Shakespeare's opinion, too). Just as I was duin my bes —dummer, dummer, spat, bang, beller, crash, roar, ram, dummer, dummer, whang, rip, rare, rally, dummer, dummer, dum—with a tremenjus jump I struck the center ov the sidewalk, with another I cleared the gutter, and with another I stood in the middle of the street snortin like an Indian pony at a band of music.

I gazed in wild despair at the tavern stand, mi

hart swelling up as big as a outdoor oven, my teeth was as luce as a string of bedes, I thot all the crockery in the tavern had fell down, I thot of fenomenons, I thot of Gabrel and his horn; I was jest on the pint ov thinken ov somethin else when the landlord kum out on the frunt stupe ov the tavern, holdin by a string the bottom ov a old brass kettle. He kawled me gently with his hand. I went slola and slola up to him, he kammed my fears, he said it was a gong, I saw the kussed thing, he said supper was ready, and axed me ef I wud have black or green tee, and I sed I wud.

THE FUTURE

'Tis well that the future is hid from our sight,
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud,
We cherish a flower, think not of the blight,
And dream of the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind in the Wise One above
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
So we see not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beam that shall dry up our tears.

Though the cloud may be dark, there is sunshine beyond it,
Though the night may be long, yet the morning is near;
Though the vale may be deep, there is music around it,
And hope 'mid our sorrow, bright hope is still near.

Anon.

SEVEN TIMES THREE

Love

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer;
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee tonight."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;

But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

Jean Ingelow.

PET'S PUNISHMENT

Oh, if my love offended me,
And we had words together,
To show her I would master be,
I'd whip her with a feather!

If then she, like a naughty girl,
Would tyranny declare it,
I'd give my pet a cross of pearl,
And make her always bear it.

If still she tried to sulk and sigh,
And threw away my posies,
I'd catch my darling on the sly,
And smother her with roses.

But should she clench her dimpled fists,
Or contradict her betters,
I'd manacle her tiny wrists
With dainty jeweled fetters.

And if she dared her lips to pout,
Like many pert young misses,
I'd wind my arm her waist about,
And punish her—with kisses!

J. Ashby-Sterry.

THE LAW OF OBEDIENCE

The first item in the common-sense creed is obedience.

Do your work with a whole heart! Revolt is sometimes necessary, but the man who mixes revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings. To flavor work with protest is to fail absolutely.

When you revolt, why, revolt—climb, get out, hike, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to limbo! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one misunderstands you—you have declared yourself.

But to pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt, is to do half-hearted and slipshod work.

If revolt and obedience are equal, your engine will stop on the center and you benefit nobody, not even yourself.

The spirit of obedience is the controlling impulse of the receptive mind and the hospitable heart.

There are boats that mind the helm and boats that don't. Those that don't get holes knocked in them sooner or later.

To keep off the rocks obey the rudder.

Obedience is not to lavishly obey this man nor that, but it is that cheerful mental condition which responds to the necessity of the case and does the thing.

Obedience to the institution—loyalty! The man who

has not learned to obey has trouble ahead of him every step of the way—the world has it in for him because he has it in for the world.

The man who does not know how to receive orders is not fit to issue them. But he who knows how to execute orders is preparing the way to give them, and better still—to have them obeyed.

By permission. *Elbert Hubbard.*

AN EVENT

You see him strut along the street,
His head is in the air;
A wondrous thing has just occurred,
And he has time to spare
In which to tell, with much detail,
This great event to you.
"Last night," he whispers, "just at eight
My baby said, 'Ah goo!'"

Kingdoms may totter on their base
And in some deep abyss
Kings fall, but all things else are naught
Compared with news like this.
The household gods are upside down
And there is more ado
Than moving time or cleaning time
When baby says, "Ah goo!"

By permission Life Publishing Company *Tom Masson.*

OLD FRIENDS

There are no friends like old friends,
And none so good and true;
We greet them when we meet them,
As roses greet the dew;
No other friends are dearer,
Though born of kindred mold;
And while we prize the new ones,
We treasure more the old.

There are no friends like old friends,
Where'er we dwell or roam,
In lands beyond the ocean,
Or near the bounds of home;
And when they smile to gladden,
Or sometimes frown to guide,
We fondly wish those old friends
Were always by our side.

There are no friends like old friends.
To help us with the load
That all must bear who journey
O'er life's uneven road;
And when unconquered sorrows,
The weary hours invest,
The kindly words of old friends
Are always found the best.

There are no friends like old friends,
To calm our frequent fears,

When shadows fall and deepen
Through life's declining years;
And when our faltering footsteps
Approach the Great Divide,
We'll long to meet the old friends
Who wait the other side.

David Banks Sickles.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Shakespeare.

SNOWBOUND

O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may the wide earth o'er
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our needs is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day,

Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Whittier.

By permission
Houghton Mifflin Company.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

"Religion relates to life, and the life of religion is to do good."—*Swedenborg.*

He left a load of anthracite
  In front of a poor woman's door
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
  Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed; he did it well.
What was his creed? I cannot tell.

"Blessed in his basket and his store"
  In sitting down and rising up
The more he got, the more he gave,
  Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead in each good task
What was his creed? I do not ask.

His charity was like the snow
  Soft, white and silent as its fall
Not like the noisy winds that blow
  From shivering trees the leaves a pall

For flowers and weed drooping below,
What was his creed? The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread,
For hungry people, young and old,
Hope he inspired; kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we should feed as well as pray,
What was his creed? I cannot say.

In *words* he did not put his trust
His faith in words he never writ,
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need a friend was he.
What was his creed? He told not me.

He put his faith in goodness, and he
Worked well with hand and head,
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed, for life is brief.
What was his creed? What's his belief?

Author unknown.

REMEMBER

You do not have to fight—
You do not have to struggle—
You only have to know.

Author unknown.

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